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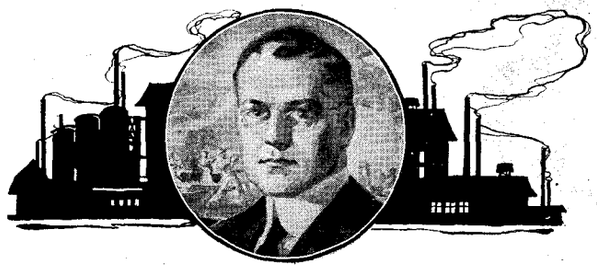

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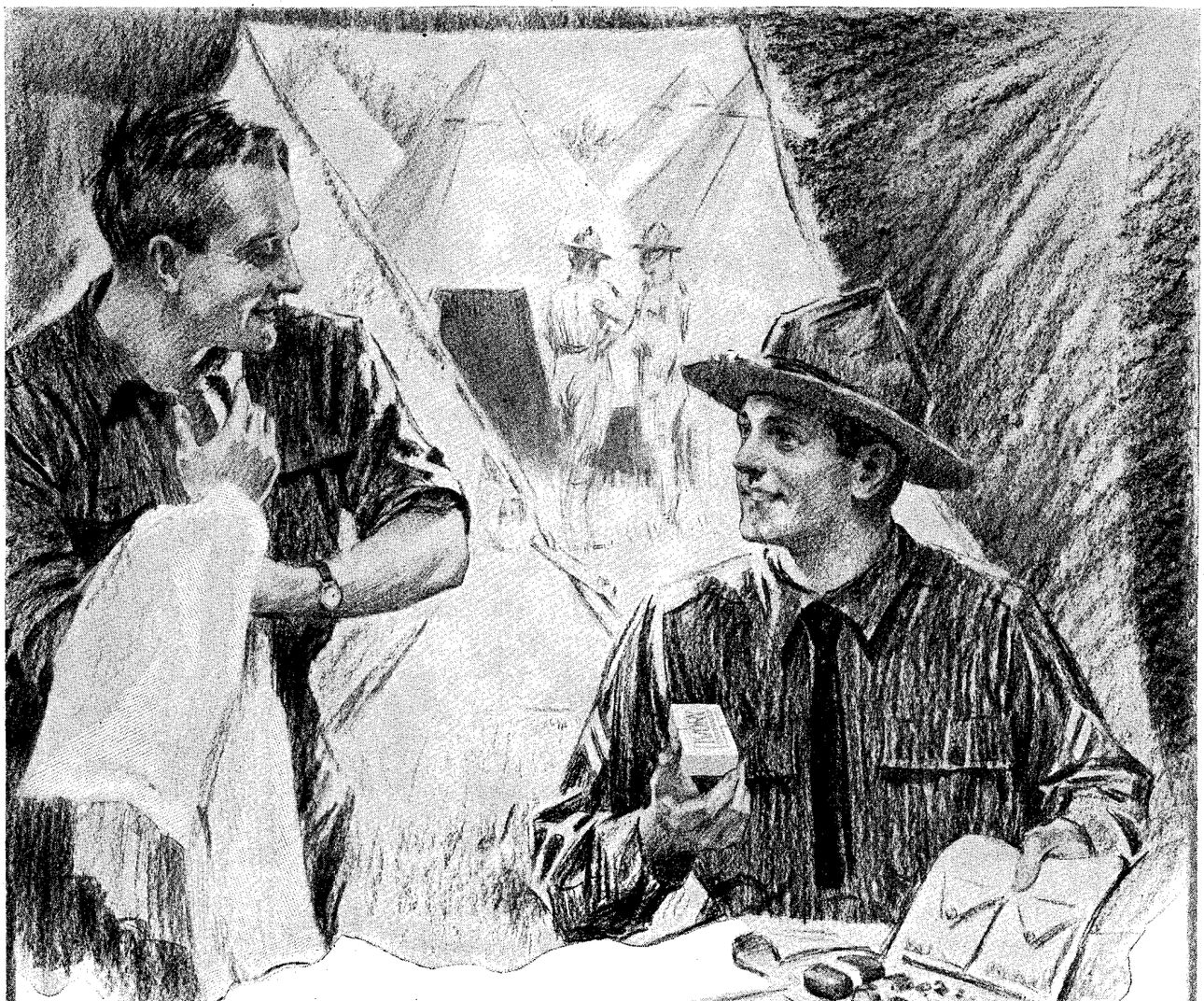

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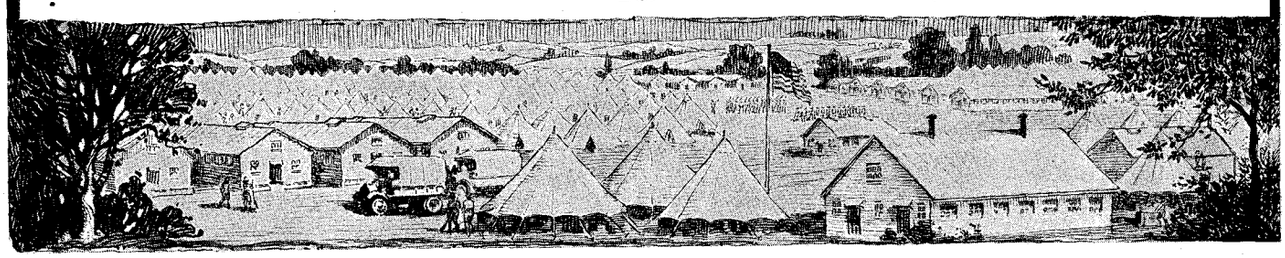

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 27, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

RUSSIA ACCEPTS GERMANY'S HARD PEACE CONDITIONS

News of the actual renewal of war on Russia's western front was officially sent out from Berlin on February 18. It stated that German forces had crossed the river Dvina without fighting, and were advancing on the important military post of Dvinsk. The next day German forces entered Dvinsk and Lutsk—the latter in Volhynia. No fighting appears to have taken place anywhere.

Then followed the momentous news that the Bolshevik Government had stated officially that it would sign peace on the terms insisted upon by Germany at the Brest-Litovsk Council, including the retention of Russia's western provinces by Germany.

Vienna statements say that Trotsky had first asked Count Czernin, Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary, whether Austria, like Germany, considered itself still at war with Russia.

It is beyond question that Germany or Austria will send troops into the Ukraine to support that faction of the Ukrainians which lately entered into a formal treaty of peace with Germany. Germany needs Ukrainian wheat and iron ore. To-day the Ukraine is a vast country divided against itself. The new western frontier laid down in the treaty was coolly drawn by Germany so as to include the province of Cholm, which has never belonged to the Ukraine, but is part of Russian Poland. Naturally there has been an outcry among the Poles in Warsaw, which is not more than one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Cholm. There have even been demonstrations in Warsaw, despite the iron rule of the Germans in the Polish capital.

In the Ukraine itself, say long-delayed despatches received here on February 19, sanguinary fighting has taken place in the streets of the great city of Kiev. This battle—for if the despatch is correct in saying that 4,000 people were killed and 7,000 wounded it was a real battle—took place on February 5; it ended, the despatches say, in the complete victory of the Red Guard of the Bolsheviki, who drove the Ukrainian "reactionaries" (that is, supporters of the movement for independence and of the peace treaty with Germany) out of Kiev with heavy loss.

Still other war news from Russia came simultaneously with the reports just cited. Finland is torn between desire for independence on the part of the Finnish people and fierce propaganda by the Bolsheviki. The Russian war-ships, now under control of the sailors, have always been nests of anarchy. Their men, landed in Finland, have slaughtered many of the anti-Bolshevik faction. The situation in Finland is not unlike that in the Ukraine. On the other hand, a war danger to the Bolsheviki is seen in the report that General Alexeieff, formerly Chief of the Russian General Staff, is leading a strong Cossack army east of the Ukraine against the Red Guard. It is not improbable that this indicates a military reaction in Russia which may lead to the fall of the Lenine-Trotsky faction.

Thus Russia enters on a new phase of internal strife, of civil war, and of partial occupation by German armies.

THE SITUATION IN ENGLAND

At the bottom of the recent opposition to Mr. Lloyd George lies the lack of recognition of two principles: union in action and concentration of effort. The English Prime Minister triumphantly emerged from one attack on February 13, and as we write, on February 19, is about to meet the second.

As to the first, an attempt was made to show that the Supreme Inter-Allied War Council at Versailles had usurped political power in declaring that the Allies should bend their energies to military rather than to political war energy. Mr. Lloyd George promptly met the attack by one of his masterly speeches, in which he again said that there is no use in crying peace when there is no peace; that Germany's discussions with Russia show that Germany had no slightest intention to offer peace; that England would not recede from the war aims already stated; and that there was no dissent in the conclusions of the Council at Versailles. He ended by offering to present his own resignation if the House or country was dissatisfied. A resolution, which was in effect one of lack of confidence, was defeated by the overwhelming vote of 159 to 28. Practically the House was, with the exception of a few semi-pacifists, perfectly satisfied.

The other question which has disturbed England is that which has led to the resignation—or, as he is said to regard it, to the dismissal—of General Sir William Robertson, the Chief of the British Imperial General Staff. An official statement says that the replacing of General Robertson by General Henry Wilson came because of the former's unwillingness to accept limitation of the powers he has heretofore exercised or to accept an appointment as British military representative on the Supreme Inter-Allied War Council.

The London "Spectator" of January 26 devotes a long article to the defense of General Robertson and of General Haig against what it calls "a furious and concerted attack." At the time that article was written it was believed that the attack was over, and the "Spectator" does not hesitate to describe it as a press campaign, and even to use such words as "atrocious and disgusting." It considers the attack largely as emanating from Lord Northcliffe's newspapers, and to have as its basis various carping criticisms on the detailed conduct of the war and the failure to obtain decisive results.

But other indications from England are that the real point at issue is General Robertson's unwillingness, in the opinion of the Prime Minister, to submit to that unity of control and action as between the English army and its allies the need of which Mr. Lloyd George believes to overshadow everything else. It is hinted also that, just as there was a critical difference of opinion two years ago between Hindenburg and Falkenhayn as to whether Germany's supreme effort should be made on the eastern or the western front, so now there is a difference of opinion between the British Chief of Staff and the British War Cabinet as to whether or not all England's effort this year should be centered on the western front, and the effort on the other fronts at least lessened. Questions like these are so delicate and so important that they cannot be discussed publicly in detail.

PEACE AFTER VICTORY

If ever there was a plain, blunt declaration of fixed purpose and intention, it was in these words, uttered the other day by the Kaiser after his usual professions of piety and divine partnership: "We desire to live in friendship with neighboring people, but the victory of German arms must first be recognized."

Conversely, we Allies, to escape German domination, must bend every effort to victory. Discussion of possible future peace terms and hopes of defection in the ranks of the Central Powers

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are permissible only when they do not lead us to relax a single nerve or muscle in our military effort and determination.

Nor do we for a moment doubt the victory of our righteous cause. Lately there has been one of those waves of pessimism which come and go in all hard-fought wars. It started, no doubt, in depression over the removal of Russia as a factor in the war. Quite erroneous conclusions were drawn from the belief that Germany might move forces from the Russian line to the western front. That she can do so, and that she has done so, is admittedly true. But that this means a disastrous offensive against the British and French is the reverse of probable. Pessimism on this score has appeared more commonly in the talk of those who read only big headlines in sensational papers than in the writing of military students and close observers. Thus the well-known military writer Mr. Frank Simonds, after a full analysis of the situation, says: "When this enemy had everything in his favor, he failed at the Marne; when he had ninety chances out of a hundred at Ypres and the Yser, he failed; when he had at least a three-to-one chance at Verdun, he failed. In his next attack he will not have more than an even chance, if he has that, and all the odds of 'past performances' in the west are against him." And in a striking article in the March "Century" Dr. H. A. Gibbons, the well-known author of "The New Map of Europe," says: "The odds against Germany and Austria-Hungary, from the purely military point of view, are too great to secure their final triumph on the field of battle."

The great mistake made by those who fear the accession of German strength on the western front is that they do not realize the defensive power of the three great Allies—France, England, and America—on that front. An English military writer who is a severe critic of his own Government estimates that Great Britain alone will put 630,000 new men on the new front this year, and urges that this number should be doubled, as he believes it well could be. Great Britain's military strength on the western front, apart from such accessions, is tremendous both in quantity and quality. It has grown steadily from the "contemptible little army" to the finest fighting force the world has ever seen with the single exception of the German army, but against that German army and side by side with the British stands the army of France. It has been the fashion among pessimists to shake their heads and speak of France as "bled white." That phrase was first used of France in 1916, and it has become almost a grim joke when one remembers what France has done since then. The army that fought the Battle of the Marne, that held fast at Verdun in 1916, and that in 1917 drove the Germans out of the Verdun sector will not let the enemy through in 1918. And it is not boastful for Americans to believe that their divisions to be in active service this summer will go far to balance the German accessions.

It is to be remembered also that, at the worst, and assuming that the Allies do not actually advance their lines on the western front or repeat the successful though not decisive gains of 1917, they have only to stand on the defensive in 1918, and then in the next year to renew the fight with really considerable reinforcements from America. It is well to be prepared for possible temporary reverses; but it is a waste of time to listen to idle gossip about anything worse. We do not fear for the future of the armies which captured Vimy Ridge, Messines Ridge, and Passchendaele, which drove the Turks from Bagdad and from Jerusalem, and which left the long western front not only unbroken by Germany's attack in 1917, but showing positive backward bends of the German lines.

Overconfidence is always folly; but by united effort, and almost without regard to what will happen elsewhere, the Allies will assuredly erect and defend a wall of men and guns along the trenches in France and Belgium that will make our line safe for this year and will at its end make still more evident the fact that it is on the western front that the war will ultimately be won—and won for the cause of liberty and democracy.

CHAPLAINS FOR OUR FIGHTING FORCES

If there is any question in the mind of any one as to whether a chaplain is a useful officer in an army, it ought to be settled by the following cable message received at the War Department at Washington:

To the Adjutant General, Washington.
For the Secretary of War:

1. In the fulfillment of its duty to the Nation much is expected of our Army, and nothing should be left undone that will help in keeping it in the highest state of efficiency. I believe the personnel of the Army has never been equaled and the conduct has been excellent, but to overcome entirely the conditions found here requires fortitude born of great courage and lofty spiritual ideas. Counting myself responsible for the welfare of our men in every respect, it is my desire to surround them with the best influence possible. In the fulfillment of this solemn trust it seems wise to request the aid of the churches at home.

2. To this end it is recommended that the number of chaplains in the Army be increased for the war to an average of three per regiment, with assimilated rank of major and captain in due proportion, and that a number be assigned in order to be available for such detached duty as may be required. Men selected should be of the highest character, with reputations well established as sensible, practical, active ministers or workers accustomed to dealing with young men. They should be in vigorous health, as their services will be needed under most trying circumstances. Appointees should, of course, be subject to discharges for inefficiency like other officers of the National Army.

It is my purpose to give the chaplain corps through these forces a definite and responsible status, and to outline, direct, and enlarge their work into co-operative and useful aid to the troops. (Signed) PERSHING.

This cable message should serve three very useful purposes.

In the first place, it should give to the ordinary American a truer idea than that to which he has been accustomed concerning the esteem in which the fighter holds the military value of the work of the chaplain.

In the second place, it should convince Congress of the necessity of passing some such bill as is now before Congress providing for one chaplain for every twelve hundred men.

In the third place, it should make every minister in the country, and particularly every minister whose experience records success in spiritually dealing with men, consider whether he is not himself eligible and fit to volunteer.

It is to be emphasized that the office of chaplain calls for men of the highest qualifications.

WAR AND TRADE

President Wilson has now placed all exports to all countries under license by the War Trade Board. His proclamations also apply the license system to all imports. Thus the entire foreign commerce of the country is now placed under the license system of the War Trade Board. It is a step to reduce ocean carriage of non-essentials, so as to release ships for the transportation of troops and supplies.

This is not an embargo. Restrictions are to be imposed only when essential to accomplish "definite and necessary objects." As the War Trade Board's explanatory statement says, this measure is "forced upon us by the critical tonnage situation and the necessity of availing ourselves of every possible means of maintaining our armies in France."

Moreover, the limitation of exports is further essential to conserve the products of our soil and industry "for the use of our own people and the peoples of the nations associated with us in the war."

The proclamation is worth several Presidential or Prime-Minister definitions of peace after war. It speaks louder than mere words. Our enemies, we believe, will fully appreciate the determination which lies behind the fact of any trade renunciation necessary to win the war.

BOLO AND BOLOISM

Paul Bolo has been adjudged guilty of treason and condemned to death. A Paris court martial has been trying him on charges that he had conducted a widespread German propaganda. At the conclusion of the evidence the Court took only fifteen minutes for deliberation. Bolo has appealed from the verdict to the Court of Cassation.

Filippo Cavalini, former member of the Italian Chamber of

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Deputies, a co-defendant, and now under arrest in Italy, was also sentenced to death. The conviction of Cavalini is certainly ominous as to the fate of ex-Premier Caillaux, whose relations with Cavalini, it is alleged, have been very close.

Another co-defendant, Darius Porchère, an accountant, business agent, and intermediary, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Bolo's propaganda, now known throughout the world as "Boloism"—a word quickly acclimatized—consisted in buying interests in newspapers or founding new publications with money supplied by Germany. How much it took to "float" Bolo is not known, we suppose. But at least $2,500,000 has been located. The greater part of this was transferred from Berlin to Paris by way of New York. As a result of the discovery of this manipulation the New York authorities were able to obtain information which they forwarded to Paris.

Bolo's trial was as sensational as even sensation-loving Paris would wish. Bolo's two wives were on the stand, as was M. Panon, Bolo's partner in various undertakings in Marseilles. Bolo had swindled Panon out of 100,000 francs and disappeared with Madame Panon, leaving her husband to settle debts of 50,000 francs. Extravagant statements which reminded one of Tartarin also marked the trial, as, for instance, the fanciful allegation that Bolo had prevailed upon Mr. J. P. Morgan to subscribe for $12,000,000 of the capital for a bank to be established in Cuba—certainly evidence of a fertile imagination on the part of the witness; and the testimony to the effect that articles praising Mr. W. R. Hearst had repeatedly been taken to Senator Humbert's paper, the "Journal," in which Bolo had bought an interest.

But the actual facts were clear cut, and conviction was inevitable. The handsome, plausible Levantine-Frenchman went to pieces in the trial. As he said of himself: "The thin veneer of cultured refinement was promptly rubbed off and I, Bolo, stood out unscrupulous and vulgar."

But France has not gone to pieces. Persons who do not know the French may think them merely pleasure-loving, mercurial, volatile, if not decadent. Persons who do know the French are glad that this image has now been replaced in the minds of others by the real French—a thrifty, virile, prompt, precise, relentless folk when it comes to elemental matters. This people has shown itself stern to foes abroad. It is showing itself equally stern to traitors at home.

JOFFRE AN IMMORTAL

Marshal Joffre will stand "under the Cupola." So the French say when a man is elected to the French Academy, and on February 14 Joffre was so elected.

The "Cupola" is a dome-covered and somewhat clumsy but not unimpressive structure, situated on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Louvre on the right bank. Visitors to Paris will remember the façade on this dome-crowned edifice as shaped like a crescent. It is the Palais de l'Institut. The highest ambition of every literary and scientific Frenchman is to be "Membre de l'Institut." The Palais houses five academies, namely: the Académie Française, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, the Académie des Sciences, the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Each of these has forty members except the Académie des Sciences, which has sixty-six. Each member receives a yearly salary of $240. While the Académie des Inscriptions is chiefly devoted to the study of the ancient languages and to archæological research, while the Académie des Sciences cultivates the study of mathematics and natural science, while the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques exists for the study of philosophy, history, and political economy, and while the Académie des Beaux-Arts promotes painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, the Académie Française is mainly occupied with the French language.

It may seem surprising that a soldier, no matter how distinguished, should aspire to distinction in a selected assemblage of literary men. The truth is that those men have always aspired to have among them such a soldier. One of the Academicians, M. Alfred Capus, recently remarked in the Paris newspaper "Excelsior" concerning Joffre, "His election is certain in advance." M. Capus was perhaps thinking of what Renan said in 1885 concerning a somewhat similar candidacy, as quoted in the "Excelsior:" "The person who is sure to become one of us is the general who will bring victory back again to us. We would nominate him by acclamation!"

Marshal Joffre is the seventh Marshal of France to be elected to the Academy. The first was Marshal Villars, elected in 1714; then followed Marshal d'Estrée, Marshal de Richelieu, Marshal de Belle-Isle, Marshal de Beauvau, and Marshal de Duras. As the last named was elected in 1775, a long period of time has thus elapsed "between Marshals."

The French like to poke fun at their great men, and the Academicians have become known as "Immortals."

CONDITIONS IN HOLLAND

According to the New York "World," travelers who have been in Germany recently report that there is increasing privation in Germany; but, what is still more important for the time being, that the people of Holland are threatened with starvation. More than one of the travelers quoted attributed the danger of starvation in Holland to the embargoes insisted upon by the United States. As we have already told our readers, the United States has taken steps to prevent food from this country going through neutral countries into Germany. In the process of doing this it has unquestionably made it difficult for Holland and other neutral countries to get goods that they need from Germany, because Germany will not send her goods to these neutral countries unless the neutral countries send to Germany in return goods which they have got from America and other enemies of Germany.

As a consequence, Holland is in great difficulty, and one of the purposes of the newly arrived Minister to America from Holland, Dr. Philips, is to bring about such an understanding with the United States that the Dutch may be able to get the food that they need. Several of the travelers quoted declared that the present situation, if continued, would drive Holland into the war on Germany's side. There is no way, they said, by which Holland can get food, if we cut off our supplies, except from Rumania, and Holland can get it through Rumania only by permission of Germany. She will be able to get that permission only by becoming Germany's associate in the war.

Pro-Ally as most of the Dutch are, it is said that they cannot much longer endure the physical suffering consequent upon their maintenance of neutrality unless the Allies see to their relief. This testimony, of course, is not conclusive, and is at best only hearsay; but certainly we do not want deliberately to use terrorism or constraint upon any neutral country or hamper its freedom of action in any way, except as the safety of the cause for which we are fighting and the rights of ourselves and our allies as belligerents bring on others incidental and unavoidable hardship. The people of Holland surely must understand that we cannot afford to send food and other supplies through their country to our enemy.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS' STRIKE

What has been called in the daily newspapers "the ship-builders' strike" was really the strike of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. But when that strike was threatened it was generally regarded as only the overture to a still more widespread strike among the mechanics in steel ship building. The strike of the ship carpenters and joiners was ostensibly over the question of wages. But it also involved, as all labor strikes do in one form or another, the question of a recognition of the unions and as far as possible the establishment of the "closed shop." Although shipyard wages are now higher than they ever have been before, it was claimed by the men that the prevailing increase in the East was not as great as on the Pacific coast, and, moreover, was not sufficient to meet the greatly augmented cost of living. The Shipping Board is now engaged in the problem of establishing a National shipyard wage, standardized for the entire country, which shall be acceptable both to the Government and the workmen.

The strike of the ship carpenters and joiners was abruptly

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brought to an end last week by a message from President Wilson to their leader, William L. Hutcheson, in which the President stated with his characteristic felicity of expression the fundamental issue at stake:

> I feel it to be my duty to call your attention to the fact that the strike of the carpenters in the shipyards is in marked and painful contrast to the action of labor in other trades and places. Ships are absolutely necessary for the winning of the war. No one can strike a deadlier blow at the safety of the Nation and of its forces on the other side than by interfering with or obstructing the ship-building programme.
>
> All the other unions engaged in this indispensable work have agreed to abide by the decisions of the Ship-Building Wage Adjustment Board. That Board has dealt fairly and liberally with all who have resorted to it. I must say to you very frankly that it is your duty to leave to it the solution of your present difficulties with your employers and to advise the men whom you represent to return at once to work pending the decision. No body of men have the moral right, in the present circumstances of the Nation, to strike until every method of adjustment has been tried to the limit. If you do not act upon this principle, you are undoubtedly giving aid and comfort to the enemy, whatever may be your own conscious purpose.
>
> I do not see that anything will be gained by my seeing you personally until you have accepted and acted upon that principle. It is the duty of the Government to see that the best possible conditions of labor are maintained, as it is also its duty to see to it that there is no lawless and conscienceless profiteering, and that duty the Government has accepted and will perform. Will you co-operate or will you obstruct?

No better statement could be made of the paramount present-day duty of every American citizen from the President down to the youngest office boy. Every American must do his utmost to help win this war. While questions of domestic economy, National efficiency, and individual justice may be discussed, they must be discussed in such a way as to aid and not to interfere with victory. A man who strikes at a time of National emergency simply because he sees a chance selfishly to increase his income, whether he be a profiteer or a day laborer, is really an enemy to his country. That this is recognized by many of the ship carpenters themselves is indicated by the fact that at least in one shipyard of which we know many of the men not only refused to go out but themselves posted up placards urging their fellow-workers to "build ships and beat the Germans." Even before the President's intervention the number of workers who actually went out on strike was much less than some of the sensational accounts indicated.

THE MOONEY CASE: AN APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT

When, many months ago, cable despatches from Petrograd reported a riotous demonstration against the American Embassy in the Russian capital, and added that it was in protest against the Mooney conviction in California, not a few Americans asked in surprise who Mooney was, what he had done, and why Russian Socialists should be excited about his conviction.

The other day another unusual chapter was added to the history of the case when the Federal Mediation Commission recommended that President Wilson use his good offices with the California authorities to bring about a new trial for Mooney in case the California Supreme Court sustained his conviction. The Mediation Commission, in reviewing the history of the matter, says that "the Mooney case soon resolved itself into a new aspect of an old industrial feud instead of a subject demanding calm search for the truth."

The offense with which Thomas J. Mooney (together with others) was charged was the throwing of a bomb into the Preparedness Parade in San Francisco on July 22, 1916. Six persons were killed and many injured by this outrage. Mooney was duly convicted, but largely on the direct testimony of Frank Oxman. After the conviction letters from Oxman came to light which, in the words of the Mediation Commission, had the plain import of an attempt by Oxman to suborn perjury to corroborate his testimony in this trial against Mooney. Naturally, when Oxman was thus discredited, a stain was placed on his own evidence. Oxman was indicted, but the jury failed to convict. When Mrs. Mooney and Israel Weinberg were tried for the same offense as Mooney, but without the Oxman evidence, they were acquitted. The other alleged accomplice, Warren Billings, had been convicted, and, like Mooney, is under sentence.

The labor leaders and Socialists in San Francisco aver that a plot existed to make organized labor bear the infamy of murder and disloyalty; justly or unjustly, this feeling grew passionately, and meetings of protest were held by Socialists from California to Russia. The Mediation Commission so far indorse this feeling as to say that the "circumstances of Mooney's prosecution, in the light of history, led to the belief that the terrible and sacred instruments of criminal justice were consciously or unconsciously made use of against labor by its enemies in an industrial conflict."

It is not quite clear how the President's intervention is expected to bring about a new trial—the case is not in Federal courts. But in view of the facts above stated, the ordinary American citizen, who has no opinion whatever as to the guilt or innocence of Mooney and Billings, and who also earnestly wishes to see the despicable perpetrators of the outrage punished, may yet feel that common fairness calls for a trial in which an alleged suborner of perjury who is also suspected of perjury shall not be the State's chief witness.

THE ADMINISTRATION, PRO AND CON

With the oratorical fire for which he has earned a reputation, Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, continued in the Senate the defense of the war activities of the Administration. His speech was made on February 14. However biting some of his words may seem in print, it is impossible to think of them as being accompanied by anything less than the good-natured smile of this massive Senator from Kentucky. His line of argument was much the same as that which Mr. Glass followed in the speech which he made in the House and which we reported last week.

During the course of the debate there have been charges of partisanship against those who criticise certain aspects of the Administration's management of the war. This point, as well as others, was taken up by Senator Weeks in his speech on February 15. Unlike Senator James, Senator Weeks made no effort for rhetorical effect, but read his manuscript closely. The Senator from Massachusetts declared near the outset of his speech that never in his experience in the House of Representatives or in the Senate had he seen a Congressional investigation so devoid of partisanship; that the investigation had been conducted on the principle that the people have a right to examine and regulate the administration of their Government. He acknowledged the difficulties with which the War Department had to wrestle, and said that the Committee that made the investigation had just cause of pride in much that had been accomplished. But he gave facts in evidence of shortcomings, prefacing them by the following statement:

> If I were to criticise the Secretary of War personally, it would be that he has undertaken to do too many things himself, some of which, at least, might have been attended to by subordinates, and that he has been too open to access to people who might have had their needs provided for through some subordinate officer, leaving him too little time to deliberate over the many larger problems coming before his Department.
>
> If I were to make a further criticism, it would relate to his temperamental relationship to war. Doubtless he himself would admit that he is a pacifist by nature. For example, he is even now opposed to universal military training, one of the benefits we ought to get out of the great sacrifices we are making; and I cannot divorce myself from the conclusion, based on his own testimony, that he has been inclined to plan for the prosecution of the war—and this condition has to some degree permeated the Department—on the basis that we are three thousand miles from the front, instead of hastening preparation with all the vigor we would exercise if our borders were the battle-front.

In reference to the charges of political bias Senator Weeks said near the conclusion of his speech:

> Not a question indicating partisanship was raised until the President deliberately injected politics into the situation by an

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

DOWN WITH CAPITALISM!

THE BOLSHEVIKI'S SENIOR PARTNER

Kirby in the New York World

DRIVING THE WEDGE DEEPER

PRESIDENT WILSON SPLITTING THE TEUTONIC ALLIES

Rogers in the New York Herald

SHOOT AT THE ENEMY, NOT AT ONE ANOTHER

GOVERNMENTAL CO-OPERATION NEEDED TO WIN THE WAR

Harrison in the Sketch (London)

TOMMY SEES THE SIGHTS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Tommy (inspecting an Egyptian mummy, he addresses a scholarly visitor:) "Beg pardon, sir, but who is this 'ere party in puttees?"

Newbould in the Passing Show (London)

A VALUABLE OBJECTIVE

Voice from the distance: "Fall back, ye daft loons! You poseetion is of nae value at a'!"

Chorus of Kilties: "Nae value? Why, mon, we've just drapt a saxpence!"

HUMORS OF THE WAR AS SEEN BY BRITISH CARTOONISTS

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attack upon the Chairman of the Committee and the Committee itself, which the Chairman represents, and by calling to the White House many Democratic party leaders, not for consultation purposes, but to insist that a discussion of this question on the floor of the Senate be prevented if possible. This latter statement, of course, is based upon current gossip, but as far as I can learn it has never been denied.

Here is a vital question to consider. Have we come to such a pass that the action of the most important committee in Congress at this time is to be forbidden by the President of the United States as far as he is able to do so?

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN 1920

The first gun in the Presidential campaign for 1920 was fired at St. Louis, Missouri, on the afternoon of February 13, when Mr. W. H. Hays, of Indiana, was elected Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Ordinarily the election of a National Chairman in either of the two great parties is a matter of little interest to the great body of voters. It usually commands the attention only of the inside party managers. In this case, however, there was a fundamental principle at stake, and the election of Mr. Hays was the conclusion of a deep-seated and strenuous controversy. His opponent was Mr. John T. Adams, of Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Adams was a member of the Committee; Mr. Hays was not. Mr. Adams is an orthodox Republican of the strictest sect, and had the united support of that wing of the party popularly known as "standpatters" or the Old Guard; Mr. Hays, who was Republican State Chairman of Indiana in the Presidential campaign of 1916, and to whose efficiency and liberal spirit is ascribed the success of the Republicans in carrying that State for Mr. Hughes, is one of the younger Republican leaders. He is a lawyer of forty years of age who is believed by his supporters and suspected by the old war horses of being sympathetic with the political principles and policies which led to the schism between the Taft Republicans and the Roosevelt Republicans in 1912. Without allying himself with the extremists of either wing, he succeeded in uniting both factions in the State of Indiana in 1916, and made Indiana a liberal Republican State. This was a noteworthy achievement, for Indiana has been conservative in its political course, now on the Democratic side and now on the Republican side, for many years. It has been generally regarded as a typical standpat State. What ex-Senator Frederick M. Davenport said in The Outlook in May, 1916, of the ferment at that time in Indiana throws not a little light on the currents and forces which have led to Mr. Hays's election:

> The narrow arrogance of the Bourbon inner circle is much less prominent. The fine young Chairman of the State Central Committee [Mr. Hays, who has now been chosen to manage the Presidential campaign of 1920] is sounding across the State the slogan that the right of participation in party affairs by the membership of the party shall be and remain equally sacred and sacredly equal. The leading Progressives are by no means all reconciled, and some of them are waiting for a little more evidence of real return to the faith once delivered to Lincoln. But man after man of the younger Fairbanks organization assure me that the whole plan was necessarily as well as happily on the level. We are tired, said they, of the long-time prostitution of the party government by the union of the Taggart element [Taggart being the head of the Democratic State machine] and the Bourbon Republican element. The old idea of the party control in the hands of a few for the sole purpose of holding office and keeping up a perfunctory government with special privileges for the few has maintained itself too long. . . . Government, said these young men, is a social function as well as a recording and policing device, and it has got to be used more and more for the good of all the people and to make a real country.

The election of Mr. Hays is as near an assurance as anything can be in politics that there will be no "steam-roller" tactics in the management of the Republican campaign of 1920.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Old Guard has completely surrendered. Indeed, Mr. Adams would undoubtedly have been elected by the pledged votes of the ultra-orthodox Republicans if it had not been publicly revealed by the production of letters which he had written at the outbreak of the war that he was strongly pro-German in the autumn of 1914. It was apparent even to his strongest supporters that the Republican party could not bear the burden of being managed by a man, no matter how fine his personal character, who had justified the invasion of Belgium and protested against any vigorous action on the part of the United States regarding the sinking of the Lusitania and the drowning of American women and children among its innocent passengers.

In 1912 we expressed more than once in these pages the hope that the revolutionary progressive movement of that year would lead to the establishment in this country of two great parties, not a Reactionary and a Progressive party, not a Tory and a Liberal party, but a Conservative and a Radical party. The election of Mr. Hays may foreshadow just such a result. The Republicans and the Democrats would both, in such a case, look toward the future and would both assert their belief that the country will steadily progress towards greater governmental efficiency and a more widely distributed social justice. The Republicans, however, might become the party standing for the conservation in this progress of whatever is good in the institutions that we have laboriously built up during the century and a quarter of our National existence. The Democrats might become the party laying emphasis on the need of radical structural changes in our forms of government. Both parties would then stand for social welfare in National and international relations; but the country would have presented to it the opportunity to choose, not between two different ends which it wishes to attain, but between the methods by which it will reach a single end; and the voters would be asked to decide whether, in curing the ills of the body politic, they prefer to adopt the conservative method of political hygiene or the radical method of political surgery.

SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

> I had a rifle range at Sagamore Hill where I often took friends to shoot. . . . The best man with pistol and rifle who ever shot there was Stewart Edward White. Among the many other good men was a stanch friend, Baron Speck von Sternberg, afterwards German Ambassador at Washington during my Presidency. He was a capital shot, rider, and walker. . . . Among the other men who shot and rode and walked with me was Cecil Spring-Rice. . . . He was my groomsman, my best man, when I was married—at St. George's, Hanover Square, which made me feel as if I were living in one of Thackeray's novels.

So wrote Theodore Roosevelt in his autobiography. The sudden death at the age of fifty-eight, at Ottawa, of Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice comes as a shock to a host of friends in many parts of the world. He had made himself the understanding friend of every people with whom he had been associated. He was born and bred and lived in the best traditions of British diplomacy. His father was a former Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His education was at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took honors. His wife is a daughter of Sir Frank Lascelles, British Minister or Ambassador for over thirty years. Sir Cecil became clerk in the Foreign Office, and Secretary to Earl Granville, British Foreign Secretary, and Secretary of Legation at Brussels before his appointment to Washington (where he formed a close friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, then Civil Service Commissioner), going thence to Tokyo, Berlin, Constantinople, Teheran, Cairo, Petrograd, and rising steadily in the diplomatic scale until he was appointed Minister to Persia, and afterwards Minister to Sweden. In 1912 he came as Ambassador to Washington.

We repeat what we said at the time of his appointment as Ambassador. Sir Cecil was a man of very wide and very deep cultivation, but of simple democracy, not merely socially, but intellectually; he had a peculiar understanding of the great world forces that tell for division and union, not only as between civilized nations, but as between the civilized and the less civilized nations of mankind; yet with this knowledge went an intimate understanding of the play of social and industrial forces within the great civilized industrial nations themselves. Particularly did Sir Cecil have a sympathetic insight into American character.

Such were the qualities which Viscount Bryce's successor as British Ambassador to the United States brought to his task here. Lord Bryce won just fame as publicist, educator, historian,

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and philosopher. His successor as Ambassador did not have such distinction. He was simply an administrator. Yet on such as he the British Empire chiefly rests. Its main work must of necessity be quietly done in order to be efficiently and effectively done.

Especially has this been evident during the crisis of the past few years. Here was Germany with her agents—Bernstorff, Dernburg, Papen, Boy-Ed, and the rest—full of luridly conspicuous and unceasing energy. To oppose their activity Great Britain's representative seemed markedly inconspicuous; but he was none the less effective. We heard no more about the British Ambassador than if we were living in peace times. Though he had a charming personality and winning speech, he rarely spoke in public.

In truth, Great Britain did not *have* to be sensational. Germany did. Germany's thought was alien to ours. The British Ambassador, however, knew that he represented what both Great Britain and the United States stand for. He was useful because he was not sensational, as the German Ambassador was.

Yet a year before America entered the war the British Ambassador had a difficult task. He had to reconcile us to the hardships of the British blockade. A ready and acute writer—though the forceful quality of his writing is known only to a too restricted body of men—he was the author of remarkable state papers supporting the British contention that the blockade rigors were necessary to combat German warfare. In the many troublesome cases that have arisen between this country and England no one, we think, could have worked more faithfully or shown greater discretion. Sir Cecil's success in this line of endeavor is generally admitted. The patience and courage with which he handled the grave problems provoked by the war will cause his memory to be preserved as an inspiration not only by all those privileged to work with him but by all for whom he worked.

LET US DEFEAT THE GERMANS IN THE AIR

The best way to silence the German artillery is to conquer the German air fleet. The aerial supremacy of the Allies enabled them to achieve their advance at the Somme. At once the whole German aeronautic department was reorganized, with the result that to-day in aerial strength the Germans appear to be equal to the Allies.

It is now for the United States to offset this balance of power, not in a small way, but overwhelmingly and by every means.

Hence we call attention to the appeal now being made by the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation to increase the number of engineers in the Naval Aviation Service. Applicants do not have to be graduate engineers. All that is asked is that they should be practical men, those who have managed garages or shops or who have been the bosses of repair gangs. Any further necessary training will be supplied by the Government. The age limit is forty-one years, but exceptions will be made where special skill or experience is shown.

Thus some of the men above the draft age who have been lamenting the fact that they cannot take an active part in the war have now a chance to prove the sincerity of their plaint.

DR. ODELL'S ARTICLES

We are sure our readers will be interested to know that the articles by Dr. Joseph H. Odell which have been appearing in The Outlook on our training camps, under the title "The New Spirit of the New Army," have been published in book form by the Fleming H. Revell Company, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City, with an Introduction by Mr. Baker, Secretary of War. In this Introduction Mr. Baker says: "These chapters interested me greatly when in part they first appeared in The Outlook, for I found in them a complete understanding of the work of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities."

In the same patriotic spirit which prompted these articles on the training camps Dr. Odell is now writing for The Outlook a series of articles on the necessity of establishing a durable peace on the battlefield before negotiations can be taken up at the conference table. The first of these articles appeared in The Outlook of February 13, and was called "Passing the Buck in Washington;" the second appeared last week under the title "Who Is the United States?"; the third of the series will appear in next week's Outlook, dated March 6, under the title "Interpreting the People to the President." Its purpose will be to endeavor to show from the President's own speeches that the true policy of the war is a defeat at arms of militaristic autocracy. The article will maintain that the spirit of the American people is such now that they will not be willing to abate the President's own demand in the slightest, that they will not be contented with a negotiated peace unless the negotiations are sought for by the German people after their recognition and admission that Prussian militarism is a complete failure as a war machine, and therefore as an instrument of world politics.

KAISER, PREMIER, AND PRESIDENT

If the German Kaiser, the British Prime Minister, and the American President had met in conference, they could hardly have exchanged views more effectually than by their recent utterances within the period of two successive days.

On the part of the German Kaiser on the one side and on the part of the British Prime Minister on the other there was no sign of yielding. "We desire," said the Kaiser, "to live in friendship with neighboring peoples, but the victory of German arms must first be recognized." "It was adamant," said the British Prime Minister, concerning the attitude of Austria as well as Germany to the demands of the Allies; and like adamant stood Lloyd George himself. But the President seemed far from being irreconcilable. Though he replies to the German Chancellor as to one who lives "in his thought in a world dead and gone," the President takes up the words of Count Czernin, the spokesman of Austria, with what seems like eagerness for reconciliation and mutual understanding.

Does this mean that the President is entertaining the thought that possibly America may compromise with those who by terrorism and lawlessness have undertaken to impose their will on the world? Is it possible that to the demands of such as these the President is making ready for yielding anything essential to victory? We think not.

Does this mean, then, that the President sees any reasonable prospect that the enemy is ready to make concessions? We do not believe so.

What seems far more probable is that the President saw an opportunity of unmasking an enemy, of stripping him of his disguise, and took it.

To understand the President's speech, it is necessary to recall what preceded it.

On January 8 President Wilson, in an address before Congress, announced fourteen "arrangements and covenants" which he declared to be "the programme of the world peace," and "the only possible programme." (These fourteen points can be found quoted verbatim in The Outlook for January 16.) These may be summarized very briefly as follows: I. Public diplomacy. II. Freedom of navigation except as limited by international action. III. Equality of trade conditions. IV. Reduction of armaments. V. Adjustments of colonial claims, with equal regard for the populations concerned and the claims of the Governments in question. VI. The unembarrassed opportunity for Russia to determine her own political development. VII. The evacuation and restoration of Belgium. VIII. The restoration of invaded France and the righting of the wrong done to France in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine. IX. The readjustment of the frontiers of Italy. X. Autonomous development of the peoples of Austria-Hungary. XI. Evacuation of Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro, and guarantees to the Balkans. XII. Autonomous development of the non-Turkish parts of Turkey and international guarantees for the Dardanelles. XIII. An independent Polish state. XIV. A general association of nations.

To this address, intended very clearly not primarily for Congress but for the Central Empires, both the German Chancellor, Count von Hertling, and the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Min-

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ister, Count Czernin, replied. These two men assumed different rôles. It is altogether probable that their respective rôles were assigned to them. To Hertling was allotted the task of speaking for the Junkers, the reactionaries, the whole military hierarchy of the Central Powers. To Czernin, on the other hand, was allotted the task of speaking for the more liberal elements in both Germany and Austria. Thus everybody in Pan-Germany might be supposed to be satisfied. So Hertling thundered and Czernin cooed. We can imagine the pride with which the conservative read the Hertling speech and the new confidence that it gave him in the might of the German arms. On the other hand, we can imagine the thrill that came over the half-hoping, half-despairing liberal as he read Czernin's speech, with its suggestion of promise to long-subjugated peoples. Thus Pan-Germany thought to keep up the courage of its fighters while at the same time it allayed within its own borders the ferment of liberalism and enticing with fair words the pacifists and liberals in Allied and neutral countries.

This is a dangerous game to play; it is like playing with explosives. Germany can be handled with comparative safety by its rulers, for the people of Germany have become used to handling. But Austria-Hungary is different. Here is a so-called Dual Empire that is not dual really, but multiple. It is composed of a group of nationalities that are ready to fly apart. The ruling classes in Austria-Hungary have acquired skill in keeping these elements together.

If we read President Wilson's address of January 11 aright, he saw the possibilities in that game and chose to make use of them.

So the President proceeded to show how hopeless the militaristic and Junker doctrine of Hertling was. He set the German Chancellor aside as hopelessly incapable, at least at present, of even understanding what men of to-day demand. But to Czernin, who had been striking this attitude of liberalism, the President offered, with every appearance of good faith, words of welcome. Here is a man that can understand the language of the twentieth century, so the President seemed to say. He has traveled a long way toward the position of the true liberal. If he will only come further, just these four steps (and the President enumerated them), he will be on ground where we can actually discuss with him the terms of peace.

Where does such a speech as that leave Czernin?

He cannot go further without mortally offending all the Junkers, the conservatives, the Hindenburgs, and the rest of the Potsdam gang on whom Pan-Germany depends. And yet he cannot turn back and eat his words without proving to every liberal within the Empire and to every pacifist outside that he has been indulging in mockery and false pretense.

This would not be important if it were a mere matter of bringing confusion upon a certain Bohemian nobleman. But it is something a great deal more than that. It is a signal of warning to the liberals of Austria-Hungary and its component peoples. It is virtually saying to them: "Now is your chance to turn the trick."

It is evident that Austria-Hungary is destined for a radical change as a consequence of this war. What the nature of that change may be will depend upon circumstances and upon the leaders of Austria-Hungary themselves.

If that change comes as the result of a smash from the Allies, the elements of the Empire may disintegrate. They may fly to their affinities. The Jugo-Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina would then join the Serbians and the Montenegrins to make a greater Serbia; the Poles of Galicia, their brothers of Russia and Prussia, to make a new Poland; the Transylvanian Rumans, their brothers of Rumania; the Germans of Austria, their uncongenial fellow-Teutons under the thumb of Berlin; the Czecho-Slovaks would unite to make an independent Bohemia; and the Magyars would be left to rule themselves, something they have perhaps forgotten how to do in their effort to rule others. This would be a revolution administered from the outside.

If the change in Austria-Hungary comes from the inside, it may come as an explosion caused by spontaneous combustion. The disintegration might be quite as complete and might result in much the same new adjustments as those which might come from the outside smash.

If the change comes from the inside, however, it may assume an entirely different form. It may result not in the dispersion of the different elements but in a new arrangement of them in the form of a free, or semi-free, confederation. The effect of this would be to permit the various nationalities within the Empire to become autonomous. The Slavs and the Rumans, and even the Italians, might gain a freedom that they have never known under Hungarian and Austrian rule. It is conceivable, if German victory is conceivable, that the change in Austria-Hungary may be directed and determined by Germany.

But whatever form that change may take, it is bound to come. Austria-Hungary as we used to know it we shall never see again.

President Wilson's reply to Czernin is in effect, and we are inclined to think it was in purpose, a notification to the liberals of the various nationalities in Austria-Hungary that they still have a chance for determining their own destiny instead of having it determined for them. It was a notice to the present rulers of Austria-Hungary that if they are ready to accede to the demands of the Empire's subject peoples they might have something to say as to what the new form of the Empire should be. It was a notice to the leaders of the Liberal party that here is an opportunity for them to step forward and to make the people of Austria-Hungary believe that the things which Czernin had said with his tongue in his cheek they were ready to promise on their honor and in good faith and put into effect. It was a notice to the peoples of Austria-Hungary, so far as they could be made to listen or to understand, that if they were ready to throw off German domination and to choose from among their own people leaders willing and able to carry out a programme of freedom for the peoples of the whole Empire they might save themselves not only further bloody sacrifice in the present war, but future suffering in the convulsions of a possible revolution.

To such an appeal the present rulers of Austria-Hungary are not likely to listen. Lloyd George, in discerning no difference in substance between Hertling and Czernin, between the German and the Austrian reply, was right, and it is not likely that the President disagrees with him. But the President's experiment was worth trying, not for any hope of action from the present rulers of Austria-Hungary, but for the chance that the Liberals of Austria-Hungary may really see for what the Allies are fighting.

There can be no peace without victory; and over such a foe as the Potsdam gang there can be no victory that is not a military victory. If the President succeeds in detaching from the support of the Potsdam gang the liberals of Austria-Hungary, the coming of that military victory will be hastened.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE FRENCH

We have received from a lady living in one of the most progressive, prosperous, and well-informed cities of New York State—a university town—the following interesting and suggestive letter:

> Has it occurred to you that, in spite of the fact that we are allies of the French and that there is a general acceptance of the fact of their bravery as a nation and people, yet many good Americans harbor a certain prejudice against the French as individuals, as a social entity, associate with them vice and fashions, absinthe drinking, grisettes, and Latin Quarters? Would not a series of articles and stories bringing out the domestic side of the people as it really has existed and as it exists now—the modesty and purity of the girls, the devotion of fathers and husbands, the helpfulness and cleverness of the women as they normally have been—would not such articles help to a better appreciation of the French people?
>
> When the war was only six weeks old, in 1914, the minister of a large church here in —— in a sermon ridiculed the *degenerate* French nation. Of course he had been imbibing at a German fountain of truth. In our high schools, at least at —— high school, the French Department is still under the German Department, with a strong pro-German, an American of German ancestry, at its head. It will take some effort on the part of parents and taxpayers to change to a French head, although there is a stampede of pupils from the German classes into the French.
>
> Now if in a patriotic, devoted city such as ours such prejudice exists, why not elsewhere? This feeling towards the French

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reminds me faintly of the feeling of the abolitionists for the slaves and that of many Northern people to-day for the Negro: "Let him be free and have civil rights, but, for Heaven's sake, keep him down South!"

In response to this letter we make one or two practical suggestions to our correspondent. First, establish a *Groupe* of the Alliance Française, if one does not already exist in your community. The Alliance Française is an American association whose purpose is to do exactly what you want to have done in your community. Through lectures and literature it extends a knowledge among Americans of the French character, the French people, and the fine and noble achievements of the French in literature, science, and art. Full information about the Alliance Française may be obtained by writing to its secretary, Professor Louis Delamarre, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Second, ask all your friends who really want to know the truth, but who fail to understand the French people because they are not in the possession of the facts, if they have read any of the following books: First, "Round My House," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Hamerton was an English artist and art critic of a very fine nature, who married a Frenchwoman and lived much of his time in the French countryside. "Round My House" is a delightful interpretation and portrayal of French family life outside of Paris. It is most agreeable reading and full of anecdotes and touches of humor. Second, "French Traits," by W. C. Brownell. Mr. Brownell is perhaps the foremost living American critic of literature, customs, and manners. He had a New England education and lives in New York, but is a master of French literature. His book was published twenty years ago, after he had lived in France for some time, but it is as true to-day as it was at the time it was published. It is full of keen insight and brilliant wit, and it is brief. Third, "The France of To-Day," by Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University. Mr. Wendell was a lecturer at the Sorbonne in Paris and other French universities in 1904–5. The purpose of his book is to give the American reader some understanding of the substantial and estimable qualities of the French nature.

The American who will read these three volumes will have a very different idea of France, the French family, and the French individual from that which is current in the ordinary Broadway play and the yellow-backed novel.

FOUR LENTEN LESSONS

I—A TOWER OF STRENGTH

There is no authentic picture of Jesus, but the New Testament contains a portrait that indicates the impression which the physical personality of Jesus left upon his contemporaries. It is as follows:

> And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.

This is not a portrait. But this specter of a dream would never have suggested to the dreamer Jesus of Nazareth if Jesus of Nazareth had been the effeminate being which ecclesiastical art has delighted to depict. The personality of Jesus was a virile personality. He was a terror to his enemies and a strong tower to his friends.

It requires courage to attack a vested wrong, hoary with tradition, intrenched behind ample capital and buttressed by the Church. Such a vested wrong had taken possession of the outer court of the Temple. That court had been converted into a market-place where profiteers were robbing the common people. The worshiper was compelled to buy here his doves and sheep for the sacrifice; here to exchange his foreign money for Hebrew money. For the priests would accept only what this market furnished. The first act of Christ's public ministry was to assail, single-handed, this corrupt monopoly, drive out the traders, set free the doves, and overthrow the tables of the money-changers.

It requires greater courage to face, single-handed, popular prejudice, and by fearless condemnation to convert unthinking applause into unthinking execration. This was the second act of Christ's public ministry. From Jerusalem he went to Nazareth, the home of his boyhood. His fame as a defender of the rights of the common people had preceded him. The congregation assembled in the synagogue at first admired the grace of their fellow-townsman. But he turned their admiration into execration. For he told them that they were not God's favored people; that their own Scripture showed that God cared for the heathen no less than for the Jew. Imagine the reception which an audience of Negro-haters would give to the reformer who told them that no white race had ever made so great progress in so short a time as the Negro race has made in the last fifty years; or an audience of Bolsheviki that class legislation by a proletariat is no better than class legislation by the capitalists. The admiring congregation were converted into an angry mob, and only a marvelous personality, such as has sometimes sufficed to awe a mob, saved Jesus from death.

It requires a more difficult courage to withstand the entreaties of a devoted friend than the hostility of an angry enemy. On one occasion Jesus was denouncing the false leaders in the Church of his time. To the hatred of greed and the hatred of race prejudice he was adding the hatred of ecclesiastical pride. No wonder his mother thought that the son whom she had always reverenced but had never been able to understand was crazed by his enthusiasm. She sought to draw him from his perilous ministry to the safety of his home. "Thy mother and thy brethren," said his puzzled and indignant hearers, "wait without for thee." "My mother and my brethren!" he replied; "who are my mother and my brethren? They who do the will of my Father in heaven." And he went on with his teaching.

To be understood, appreciated, admired even by a few, is a great reinforcement to faltering courage. Jesus had not this reinforcement. The leaders of his day both hated and despised him. There is no hatred quite so bitter as the hatred of a corrupt conscience. And the hatred of the Church leaders was quite conscientious. The common people had admired him, but could not comprehend him. Even to his intimate disciples he was an enigma. In his last interview with them they said to one another, "A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me. . . . What is this that he saith? 'A little while.' We cannot tell what he saith." The loneliness of Jesus is the most pathetic fact in his splendid but isolated life. The expression of his loneliness is the most pathetic word in his luminous life of sorrow. "Ye shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

History affords no picture of a more heroic figure than that of Jesus of Nazareth, who had the courage of a soldier attacking intrenched and hallowed injustice, of a reformer assailing as bitter a form of race and religious prejudice as the world has ever seen, of a prophet whom entreaties of love could not divert from his purpose, of an enthusiast who, left to face the great crisis of his life alone, faced it in loneliness unafraid.

FEBRUARY THAW

The Happy Eremite listened to the dripping of the water from the eaves, and the sound was music to his ears. He had been pursued for months, day and night, by the terror of frozen pipes; in the grayness of six in the morning and the starlit blackness of ten o'clock at night he had ascended the two flights of slippery stairs that led to the top of his water-tower, exposed to all the winds that blew; again and again at the risk of his neck he had climbed the perpendicular ladder up the side of the tank (recalling each time the cheerful remark of the friendly plumber, "That ladder's only held up there by them two nails toed in to the side of the tank. I've always made up my mind that if it should give way, I'd either —"); with the icy blast cutting his cheeks he had again and again flashed his pocket electric lamp into the tank with one hand and lunged with a

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poker at the frozen crust with the other, holding on with one elbow; at all hours he had carried oil-heaters to points of danger; he had stoked the furnace and burned up his earthly substance in the coils of electric stoves; he had labored over the radiator of his automobile as a doctor over a drowned man; he had exulted as from a full heart over the squib in somebody's funny column that now at last we knew what the weather-man meant when he spoke of the "mean" temperature; he had shivered and chattered and ached and grumbled and cursed and begged his Irish cook to intercede with the saints—

And now the water was dripping from the eaves.

He pushed out the casement window to hear it more certainly, and to have the further satisfaction of feeling that he was comfortable with the window open in the room he had been miserably uncomfortable in with an overcoat on his back and all manner of stoves round about.

The water dripped. He remembered that when it did that it arrived sooner or later, by one channel or another, in the cellar, and stayed there, for the cellar drain was not all it should be (the architect having been an artist). But he disregarded that unromantic detail. The eaves were dripping.

There was a foot of snow on the ground. The trees were utterly bare, with no faint hint of new green. On the young oak tree by the driveway last year's leaves clattered mournfully.

But at the other end of the lot, where the potatoes had been and where now the winter rye lay under the snow, there was a smoky mist of steam.

And drop, drip, drip, drop, the eaves were dripping.

The Happy Eremite was a disciplinarian. He did not like the cold, but he was sure it was good for his soul. He was quite positive that climbing to the top of the tower in biting wind was excellent for his soul, because it took an effort of will to overcome a perfectly definite fear that the ladder would go in the way the friendly plumber dreaded. He knew also that it was good for his soul to tend to the furnace so many times a day, for he was not naturally methodic, and the knowledge that to make a new fire is thirty times worse than to keep an old one going left him reasonably faithful. It was good for his soul, likewise, to freeze, to suffer the buffeting of the elements, to plod through snow-drifts, to give up for a day or a week the luxury of twenty miles an hour in a closed car for the slower locomotion that Jack, the farm horse, offered.

He believed all that. He accepted the discipline. In a sense he rejoiced in it. And yet the music of the water dripping from the eaves!

It was Chesterton who admitted years ago that he was constantly tossed to and fro between astonishment at the incredible wickedness of mankind and amazement at its incredible sublimity. Surely in winter mankind is at its best, for then the most indulgent suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous weather with a stoical and humorous resignation which is unnoticed and uncelebrated only because it is so common.

The Happy Eremite himself felt unusually virtuous. He was certain that his soul had improved very much during the past three weeks. He was not at all sure that the improvement was not all that the most exacting Deity could ask for one season's endeavor. He was satisfied to remain without further improvement for the present.

Wherefore he closed his eyes and smiled, and listened to the water dripping from the eaves.

"AFTER THE WAR" RECONSTRUCTION IN GREAT BRITAIN —SOME RADICAL PROPOSALS

A FAR-REACHING programme for reconstructive legislation in Great Britain after the war has been recommended by a sub-committee of the British Labor party. It is printed as a supplement to the "New Republic" of February 16, and is worthy of careful study by American publicists, legislators, business men, and workers. Its main points are as follows:

The war signalizes the "culmination and collapse of a distinctive industrial civilization," based on the individualist system of capitalist production.

A new social order is presently to be built up on "a deliberately planned co-operation in production and distribution for the benefit of all who participate by hand or by brain . . . on a systematic approach towards a healthy equality of material circumstances."

The democratic control of society in all its activities is, according to this proposed platform, to be based on—

1. Universal Enforcement of the National Minimum.
2. Democratic Control of Industry.
3. Revolution in National Finance.
4. The Surplus Wealth for the Common Good.

The "national minimum" signifies that thirty shillings ($7.50) per week is to be the lowest wage for the least skilled adult workers, on the principle that every member of the community must have the requisites of "healthy life and worthy citizenship."

The "democratic control of industry" signifies that there must be no reconstruction of the "disorganization, waste, and inefficiency involved in a crowd of separate private employers," but "a genuinely scientific reorganization of the nation's industry," based on "democracy in industry as well as in government." It calls for the immediate nationalization of railways and mines, and for the production of electrical power on a vast scale for common use; for the nationalization of life insurance for all classes, and for the continuation of Government control of all industries which have been taken over during the war. The Government is called upon to formulate a deliberate national organization for coping with the immense dislocation of industry which will occur with the freeing of eight millions of workers now either with the colors or engaged in munition production.

The "revolution in national finance" that is called for prescribes: Assessment by families instead of individuals; a graduated income tax "rising to sixteen or even nineteen shillings in the pound on the highest income of the millionaires;" the national exchequer to be "normally the heir to all private riches in excess of a quite moderate amount;" a special capital levy to pay off the debt incurred by the war.

The "surplus for the common good," which has heretofore been absorbed by individuals and "devoted very largely to senseless luxury," is to be devoted to the permanent welfare of the community, by providing new capital for public welfare projects; for the care of the sick and the aged; and for a democratic system of education and recreation. "It is in the proposal for the appropriation of every surplus for the common good that the Labor party most distinctly marks itself off from the older political parties."

In conclusion, this Labor pronunciamento calls for the annual assembly of an Imperial Council to discuss matters of common interest to all British dependencies, but only to make recommendations for action by the "autonomous local legislatures." It desires to put an end to all economic "leagues against leagues." It stands for the establishment, as a part of the treaty of peace with which the war will end, of a "super-national authority, with an international high court to try all justiciable issues between nations; an international legislature to enact such common laws as can be mutually agreed on, and an international council of mediation. . . . We would have all the nations of the world solemnly undertake and promise to make common cause against any one of them that broke away from this fundamental agreement."

This platform is significant as being proposed for adoption by one of the most powerful parties in Great Britain. Its radicalism far outruns American progressivism, but it calls for serious consideration as a proposed solution of problems that are certain to confront America as well as England after the great battle for democracy is fought and won.

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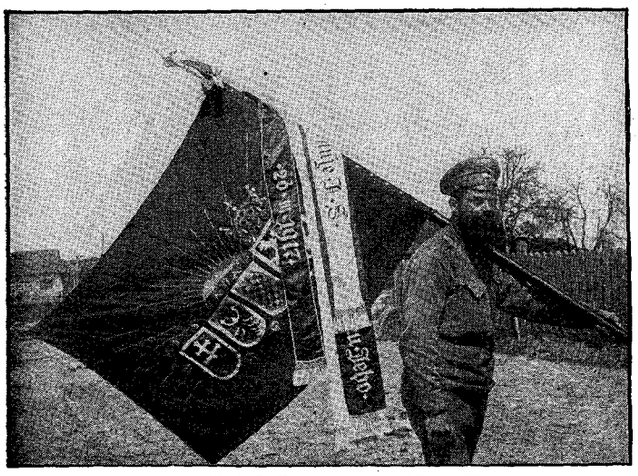

A CZECHOSLOVAK STANDARD-BEARER

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BOHEMIANS OF NEW YORK ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

THE "ARMY OF VICTORY OR DEATH"

BY G. H. MIKA

This article, describing the war action of Bohemians in America and elsewhere, parallels the description of the American-Polish Legion recently published in The Outlook. Most of these Bohemian soldiers are technically Austrian subjects, and they therefore face a double danger in fighting Austria. The author is of Bohemian ancestry and is a graduate of an American college.—THE EDITORS.

"NO lapse of time, no defeat of hopes, seems sufficient to reconcile the Czechs of Bohemia to incorporation with Austria," wrote President Wilson, several years ago.

The Czechoslovaks are a nation of ten million people, living in the very heart of Europe, occupying a compact territory extending over Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Slovakia (North Hungary). For purposes of mutual defense Bohemia once concluded a voluntary alliance with Austria, but has since learned by sad experience that Austria as an ally is more to be feared than Austria as an enemy. To recount all of the sufferings of this liberty-loving nation would require volumes, not merely a few short paragraphs. It is sufficient to say that they were subjected to every sort of oppression possible in order to denationalize them and transform them into Germans or Magyars.

Consequently, it is not a matter of surprise that at the very outbreak of the present war the Czechoslovak nation declared its opposition to the aims of the Central Powers and publicly proclaimed its adherence to the cause of the Allies.

Very soon after the outbreak of the war the Allied public was informed that numerous Czechoslovak regiments in the Austro-Hungarian army had voluntarily surrendered in Russia, Serbia, and later in Rumania and Italy. These wholesale surrenders were part of a preconceived plan on the part of the Czechoslovaks to paralyze Austro-Hungarian military efforts as far as possible.

Simultaneously, acting on direct authority from the people at home, Professor T. G. Masaryk and Dr. Edward Benes, both former members of the Austrian Reichsrath, and Dr. M. R. Stefanik, a noted scientist who is extremely well known in France, organized the Czechoslovak National Council at Paris for the purpose of advancing the movement for Czechoslovak independence. This Council is now the recognized head of the Czechoslovak movement.

The task which was facing the Czechoslovak National Council at its organization was enormous. It was necessary to create a compact organization among the Czechoslovaks all over the world in order to make their combined action effective. After months of labor this was finally accomplished.

The main task of the Council consisted in assisting the Allies to the fullest extent of their ability. At first the Czechoslovaks living in Russia, England, France, and Canada were urged to join the Allied ranks. Several thousand were thus enrolled, and have distinguished themselves at Artois, Champagne, Dobrudja, and in the Balkans. Later those Czechoslovaks who voluntarily surrendered were organized, and then, when the necessary permission was secured, invited to volunteer their services and join the Czechoslovak army which was to be formed in Russia. Captain Firlinger, who has just reached New York from Russia, reports that there are over sixty thousand Czechoslovaks now in Russia who are ready at a moment's notice to proceed against their former oppressors. As a matter of fact, the exploits of the Czechoslovak Brigade, which so nobly distinguished itself at Tarnapol last June, are now well known all over the world. In one of the communications issued by General Brusiloff at the time, he speaks of them as follows: "The Czechoslovaks, perfidiously abandoned by our infantry at Tarnapol, fought in such a way that the world ought to fall on its knees before them." The motto of these troops is, "Victory or death." It is a firm rule which every man obligates himself to observe, that they should never surrender to the enemy, but rather fight to the bitter end.

A similar autonomous Czechoslovak national army is at the present time being organized in France. A recent decree of the President of the Republic of France regulating the formation of this army reads as follows: "The Czechoslovaks, organizing an autonomous army and recognizing in all military respects the superior authority of the French High Command, are waging war under their own standards against the Central Powers." They are waging war under their own standard! What this means to them only one who has had a taste of Hapsburg oppression can understand.

Their army may not be large, but the spirit which prevails is a sufficient proof of the indomitable courage of this oppressed nation, which hopes to emerge from this war as a free and united people.

It is extremely inspiring to see a few of these volunteers who are flocking to the Czechoslovak standard from all over the world. Some of them are from Canada, some come from Russia, while many of them are periodically arriving from America. It has been my good fortune to speak with many of these men. Just the other day a man came all the way from Texas in order to depart for France. When informed that, owing to certain physical disabilities, he could not be accepted, the man burst into tears, saying, "I must go. I care not whether I accomplish much. I only want to go to die in the trenches, so that when my nation is free and my children grow up to appreciate the value of freedom they too can say that their father was one of those who laid down his life in order that their nation may not be engulfed in the Pan-German sea that has almost completely surrounded it already." In one of their recent maneuvers grandfather and grandson marched together to meet the hated Teuton foe.

The advent of this autonomous Czechoslovak national army should be hailed as the accession of a new ally to the cause of humanity and civilization. All that these volunteers ask is the privilege of fighting side by side with the Allies in order to cooperate in the gigantic task of liberating the whole of democracy from the Teutonic menace

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PROGRESS IN PORTO RICO

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ABOUT a year ago the casual visitor from the States, if he glanced at the local dailies of Porto Rico, marveled greatly at the constant appearance of "Bill Jones" in the headlines, and he wondered who that much-discussed person might be. Curiously inquiring, he would be informed that the name was the Spanish version of the Jones Bill, which, enacted by Congress, became law on March 2, 1917, making the island an organized Territory of the United States and conferring upon the Porto Ricans—who for nineteen years had had the anomalous status of American subjects but not citizens—the long-desired boon of citizenship. The event was celebrated with much enthusiasm, and included a great and beautiful procession of public school children of San Juan, followed by the dedication of a conspicuous public square in the Condado district as the Plaza Segundo de Marzo (Plaza Second of March).

This beautiful tropical island—the second of Spain's American colonies, and one of the oldest New World seats of Western civilization—has a population numbering about 1,300,000 persons (much larger than that of many a State of the Union), and occupies an area equal to only seven-tenths of that of the State of Connecticut.

One extraordinary outcome of this change to a Territorial status has been the adoption of the prohibition of alcoholic intoxicants inside of five months, making the Porto Ricans the first Latin population in the world to take such a step. The Jones Act provides that upon petition of twenty per cent of the voters the option as to prohibition may be decided at any general election held within five years; otherwise prohibition would take effect automatically a year from the passage of the bill. At first it was doubted if that many signatures could be obtained. But the interests opposed to prohibition succeeded in getting them. At the first general election, held last July, the vote in favor of prohibition was about two to one.

This outcome was the more extraordinary since alcohol is comparatively little abused in Porto Rico. Light wines are in daily use by most of the well-to-do Porto Rican families, but drunkenness is regarded as a deep disgrace. When a man is seen drunk in public, he is almost certain not to be a Porto Rican. A young American of irreproachable character, recently arrived in the island, was strolling about the crowded streets of San Juan on Christmas Eve. Being slightly lame, he walked somewhat unsteadily. A Porto Rican gentleman, mistaking the cause of his gait, said in a low voice as he passed, and in excellent English: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The prohibition propaganda was entirely native, American residents taking no part. Immediately upon the passage of the Jones Bill an enthusiastic campaign for prohibition was started; practically every prominent physician came out for it, and large meetings were held all over the island, often in the public plazas. Like all Latins, the Porto Ricans are intensely emotional, and are deeply moved by sentimental appeals. The ruling sentiment appeared to be that alcoholic drink was essentially an evil; hence, even though not greatly abused locally, it should nevertheless be done away with.

While we Americans have made mistakes in the course of our administration of Porto Rican affairs, altogether our record is something to be proud of. Our greatest boons have been the public school system, sanitation, and good roads, together with the assurance of what nearly every self-governing Latin-American country lacks—universal tranquillity and good order. When we took over the island, there were a few inferior private schools only; public schools were unknown. Illiteracy was everywhere the rule. Now the public school system is universal, and is correspondingly valued. Little rural schools dot the wayside throughout the island. In the towns the graded schools are invariably the finest buildings, more conspicuous than the churches, handsome fireproof edifices, usually of reinforced concrete, architecturally tasteful, and in equipment well up to date. In Ponce a handsome group of school-houses stands in spacious grounds: the McKinley graded school, the Roosevelt manual-training school, and the high school. The American flag floats over every school-house, large and small. The system runs from the rural schools, the graded schools in the towns, the continuation schools in the larger towns, and the high schools in the cities and certain other municipalities, up to the normal school and the university. The system is highly centralized. The Commissioner of Education, like the Governor, is a Presidential appointee, and is correspondingly removed from influences that make for inefficiency and graft. Grafting, when attempted by certain local school boards, has been effectively thwarted by the central authority, which controls the fixing of salaries and approval of appointments, the curriculum, and matters of school-house design and construction.

The schools are gradually making the population bilingual; in a generation the process should approach completion. But, although it is the official language, English can never replace Spanish in domestic and colloquial usage, any more than it can replace French as the idiom of Quebec. French still remains the common speech of a large part of Louisiana; German as a native idiom still lingers in Pennsylvania. But Mr. Miller, the excellent School Commissioner, tells me that in the less than twenty years of American rule in Porto Rico a greater advance has been made in the use and knowledge of English than in the State of New Mexico, which for nearly three-quarters of a century has been part of the United States.

All teachers in Porto Rico must know English. It is taught in all grades; in the upper grades it is the medium for all instruction. As to Spanish, thanks to the public schools, it is now spoken and written better than when the island was a possession of Spain.

Manual training and domestic science are public school features all over the island. Admirable progress has been made in both respects. Instruction in domestic science has borne fruit in greatly improved cooking methods and in household economy, including hygiene. It teaches the utilization of native products—for instance, green mangoes as a substitute for apples in cooking. It is said that our American pie has become a household institution in something like ten thousand families.

Domestic science in the schools is a growing factor in the food conservation propaganda now in active progress. The nature of the work is essentially different in Porto Rico. It antedates by some months the campaign in the States. When war was first threatened, there was uneasiness as to the food supply of an island so largely dependent upon outside sources. So the great aim is to make the island self-sustaining. The advice of Dr. May, Director of the Federal Agricultural Experiment Station, that beans and other staples be extensively planted, bore good fruit. Beans had been mostly imported, but were so universally planted in the past year as to yield a surplus after meeting all local needs. There has also been a large crop of corn. At the present rate of increase, it is believed that in various essentials Porto Rico may, by another year, have a surplus for export. Already there is an abundance; the prices of many staples are lower than in the States.

The Food Conservation Commission locally constituted has greater powers than the Federal department. It can fix retail prices, and has made the observation of wheatless days and meatless days mandatory, under penalty. I understand that the public in general observes these requirements scrupulously; in the average family no one would touch so much as even a cracker on a wheatless day. The local Commission is to be credited with one great business stroke. Rice is in enormous demand here; every native family must have its daily rice-and-beans. But little rice is grown on the island. So the Commission purchased a large cargo of it in Saigon, Cochin China. But when the ship, coming by way of the Suez Canal, reached Italy, the Italian Government was so anxious to acquire the cargo, and offered so much for it, that it was sold at a profit of half a million dollars, reducing by one-half the necessity for the bond issue of a million that had been authorized for the work of the Commission.

San Juan, Porto Rico. S. B.

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AN "OPEN WINDOW ROOM" THAT "LIFTS THE BAN FROM FRESH AIR." (NOTE THE WINDOW SCREENS TO PREVENT DIRECT DRAFTS)

A MODERN CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

BY ROSE WESTON BULL

AN organization which can induce a boy, of his own volition, to take two baths a week instead of the compulsory Saturday "tub," is worthy of consideration even in war time.

The Modern Health Crusaders, a society made up of 500,000 children, has performed this miracle. It has brought about other achievements in that realm of cleanliness which we are told borders on that of godliness. It has converted entire families to the use of the tooth-brush. It has lifted the ban from fresh air, and introduced pure water into the menu of millions. It is making health so attractive that children are flocking to join its newly established order of chivalry—the chivalry of cleanliness.

The indications now are that by the end of the school year one million boys and girls will be enrolled as Modern Health Crusaders. Those who imagine they understand child nature will be mystified by the growth of this organization, which is largely founded on the faithful observance of a few health rules which children usually find it more convenient to ignore than to observe.

It is contrary to precedent to find boys and girls between the ages of five and sixteen falling naturally into health habits instead of being driven into them. The boy who elects to take two baths a week might run the risk of being classed as a "sissy" were it not that by taking the two baths he may qualify as a Modern Health Crusader for the order of knighthood. A boy will do a great deal to attain such an honor. Perhaps the requirements do not measure up to his dreams of valor, but as long as he can be knighted for performing such necessary acts as hand-washing, tooth-brushing, and bathing, he asks himself why he should not qualify.

It is by appealing to the spirit of chivalry and encouraging the idea that health is imperative to the performance of great deeds that the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which stands sponsor for the Modern Health Crusaders, has brought about a change in the child's attitude towards health and cleanliness. It has first striven to break down the old juvenile prejudice against clean hands and correspondingly clean bodies, and in its place to build up a spirit which glorifies health, not so much for health's sake, as for the good that strong and healthy men and women can do in the world.

The Modern Health Crusaders originated as a junior organization to promote the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals. School-children were first banded together under the leadership of their teachers to sell the little holiday stamps which have played so important a part in the crusade against the Great White Plague. Naturally, the children absorbed the lessons of the anti-tuberculosis movement from this contact with its work. The incentive of competition was added to the zest of the sales campaign, and schools vied with each other for the disposal of the greatest number. As a result the movement spread, and to-day the Crusaders are a big factor in the success of the Christmas Seal campaign.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis soon found that it had acquired an alert and eager junior auxiliary, well organized and equipped for service. This auxiliary stood in need of permanent work. The seal campaign lasts, at the most, for six weeks, and it was recognized that it would be a mistake to limit the Crusaders' activities to the Christmas season. The Association realized that the children constituted a valuable asset in the public health plan, and felt that they must not be allowed to disband for lack of a cohesive force. In 1916 the permanent organization was undertaken by the National sales manager of the Red Cross Christmas Seals and field secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, Charles M. De Forest.

Mr. De Forest is a Yale graduate who entered social work after devoting a few years to business. He fully appreciated the value of the junior health movement, and visualized the effect it would have on the future health of the country if properly organized and directed.

Mr. De Forest has a young son who at the age of seven was just as loth as any other child to make seemingly unnecessary ablutions and perform superfluous acts of a prophylactic nature. He presented to his father an opportunity to work out plans for the future of the Health Crusaders. Mr. De Forest knew the futility of the old "don't and do" method of training. He knew that constant admonitions and reminders irritate a

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child into a state of rebellion. So he devised a new plan of persuasion.

One day Walter De Forest found a chart on his nursery wall. It was marked off into days and weeks. In a column at the side was a list of eight essential health tasks which he recognized as daily bugbears. The first had to do with the washing of hands before meals, the second with the drinking of water, the third with the brushing of teeth, and so on down the line. He found the average boy's pet aversion—the taking of a bath—at the end of the list. He was told that each of the eight requirements would henceforth be known as a health "chore," that every time he performed a chore he must place an "x" opposite it on the chart on the day of the week on which it was performed. There were eight chores, and if they were each performed daily the weekly score would be fifty-six. But the bath was not ranked as a daily necessity, and his father explained that if he got through the week with a score of fifty chores faithfully performed he would pass with honors. A bare forty would allow him to squeeze through.

Of course the question arose, "What do I get if I do all this?" The answer was that he would be given a certificate of enrollment as a modern Health Crusader, and enter the ranks of the army dedicated to the new chivalry of health and cleanliness.

Young De Forest took rather kindly to the plan. It interested him to mark the chart when he washed his hands or brushed his teeth or did the other health chores. It appealed to him partly for the fun of the thing and partly on account of the reward. When he won his membership card, his father told him that he must not fall into the ranks of slackers, but must work harder than ever to keep up his record. There were many degrees of honor yet to be attained. The plan worked like a charm. One week when the lad had skipped one of his chores he was so eager to make his score of fifty that he took two baths.

Mr. De Forest was satisfied that if he could achieve this result and gain his own boy's interest by a system of encouragement and reward he could gain that of other boys and girls.

Thus the foundation for the children's health movement was laid. A system was worked out based on the use of the chore score-card. The first reward for getting a perfect card or for doing forty chores—the minimum requirement—is the certificate of enrollment as a Modern Health Crusader. The first advancement from the rank of the Crusader to that of squire comes after a member has kept up his record for two weeks. He is then given the button and the title of squire. The third degree brings the reward of knighthood and a silver pin bearing one of the insignia of the Crusaders. To become a knight the squire must be faithful to his chores for four weeks. Once he is knighted, he may still hope for higher honors, for the knight is promoted to knight-banneret and given a gold pin, which is the highest mark of rank, if he performs eighty per cent of the health chores for a total of ten weeks.

In order to intensify the Crusaders' interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign for the benefit of others carried on by the sale of Red Cross seals, a plan was devised whereby they can qualify for advancement at Christmas time by the sale of seals. Thus the beginner, to be admitted, may, at this time of year, sell or buy ten seals; to become a squire, he may sell or buy twenty-five seals; in order to be knighted, he must dispose of 100 Red Cross Christmas seals, and to become a knight-banneret he must sell or buy 500.

As the group instinct is strong in children, the National Association is conducting the Health Crusade through the schools, allowing the spirit of competition to enter into it. So the individuals, the mere crusaders, the squires, knights, and knight-bannerets, are gathered together into leagues. These leagues develop interest in health ideals by bi-monthly meetings in which topics of timely interest are discussed. For instance, in February the league master may explain equipment for out-of-door sleeping in winter; in April directions are given for the fly and mosquito campaign; in June food protection and the dangers of typhoid are taught; in August outdoor sports and athletics are featured; in October the children may be taught the care of teeth, eyes, and skin; and in December the Red Cross Christmas seal campaign is explained and the nature of tuberculosis infection revealed.

DOING A "HEALTH CHORE"

The National Association keeps the leading-strings always in its hands. Programmes are sent out in advance outlining to teachers topics to be discussed at meetings. Health playettes have been written and printed. The Crusaders appear in these modern "miracle" plays in the guise of the hygienic vices and virtues. A book of "Keep Well Stories for Little Folks" is being used at these meetings.

The leagues are banded into State legions, and the spirit of competition is kept rife by awarding pennants and banners for movements which will promote civic health and better community conditions. The child is constantly reminded that he has

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not performed his duty when he has done his own health chores and built up a strong, disease-resisting body. He is told that community health and civic welfare are part of the new chivalry, and that he must grow up to be his brother's keeper, and see that disease and physical deterioration give way before enlightenment and public responsibility.

The growth of the movement is remarkable. At the office of the National Association, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, telegrams come in by the score calling, for instance, for "ten thousand health chore cards for Denver." "Rush five hundred silver knight badges." The National Association has printed and sold at cost four hundred thousand of the health chore "score cards." Letters proclaim the enthusiasm of teachers and parents for the movement. One which is particularly interesting is herewith quoted. It came from Miss Margaret Gillis, tuberculosis visiting nurse at Newburgh, New York, who wrote:

> Each girl was given a health chore card, instructed regarding the chores, and put on her honor that no mark be put on the card except as faithfully earned. Each girl was presented with a tooth-brush and a small tube of tooth-paste. We had tooth-brush drill, and at each successive meeting clean teeth had to be admired. Nor did the teeth-cleaning end with the children. One small Slav girl asked if I would give her a tooth-brush and paste for her father. He had never brushed his teeth, but liked the taste of her tooth-paste and would like to try. Of course I sent him a tooth-brush and paste, and later had the satisfaction of seeing him use them. All that family fell into tooth-brush line and are proud to be in fashion "with the Americans," as the father puts it.
>
> Two Italian girls accepted their chore cards very seriously, and so as not to have a single zero on the card they took a bath every day. This is no easy matter when it must be taken in the wash-tub in the kitchen. Those two girls kept every rule on the chore card. The father and mother and other children in the family also kept the health rules and were enthusiastic. The health of the entire family improved, and the work continues.
>
> The effect of these health chores was felt in the home of every one of these girls, and brought home to me more fully the opportunity and necessity for such educational methods and work.

Naturally, Mr. De Forest is enthusiastic about the reception of the movement and about the rapidity of its growth. He predicts that by the end of the school year one million school children will be enrolled.

"We have now," he said, "a coherent organization of young people interested in personal and community health. It is growing with the speed of geometric progression. Its future possibilities are enormous. In these children we are laying the groundwork of disease prevention for future generations. If there had been a Modern Health Crusade movement twenty years ago, coupled with all the other health and hygienic reforms of to-day, two per cent of our men would not be rejected from the army on account of tuberculosis.

"We are building a future citizenship able to stand the strain of nation remaking that must come after the war. The ultimate hope of the warring world lies in the children of to-day. What can we do, therefore, that is more important than to form in them health habits that will eradicate disease from their own bodies, protect the community, and go to the upbuilding of a sturdy race of men and women?"

NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE AS A POLITICAL BAROMETER

BY HENRY MOSKOWITZ

IN twenty-five years of personal observation of the political barometer on the East Side three distinct stages of development are apparent.

The firm grip of district-leader politics marks the first stage. The district leader of the old political parties, and especially of Tammany Hall, is the neighborhood friend of the immigrant ignorant of our language, institutions, and laws. When an immigrant is in trouble because he has violated a petty ordinance, the district leader is found in the police courts helping him with a friendly magistrate. His influence with the authorities gives the immigrant an impression of power. In Russia and southeastern Europe the Jew scarcely ever experienced equality before the law. In self-defense he often had to resort to the only protection which money bought him, so now he naturally turns to the powerful man of his neighborhood, the political boss.

The Tammany district leader is a natural neighborhood product who does a man a turn and relies upon human nature to repay him on election day. A ton of coal to the widow Jones, a five-dollar bill to a constituent out of work, reaches home far more effectively than administrative efficiency. His conception of government is elemental. "Do a man a turn and never mind how the government is done," was the slogan of the old-time Tammany leader.

Therefore in the first stage of immigrant political education the organization reaps the benefits of favors performed. Up to six years ago the East Side was a Tammany stronghold.

Tammany took a leaf out of the book of the religious orders. It cultivated old and young with an assiduity born of shrewd knowledge of human nature and skill that bore fruit in the membership of the district clubs. It had a genius for excursions given by the district leaders for all the family, "with the kids," and fatherly pride was counted on to register faithfully in the ballot-box on election day. Balls for which the business men of the neighborhood were taxed took care of the growing boys, and favors did the rest.

Ambitious young men soon realized that the door of the district club is the entrance to political preferment and public life. The political club-house is a social center which radiates generous hospitality. The members of the organization congregate nightly for neighborly gossip, a social game of cards, and entertainment in which a noisy piano accompanies the lusty chorus of ragtime songsters rendering the creations of the prolific Irving Berlin and other popular song writers. The high-brow is taboo. Serious lectures and discussions, the rule of the Socialist and radical societies, are exceptional occasions in a typical Tammany club. In the gatherings the district leader, the Assemblyman, the State Senator, and other important public officials will be seen nightly "mixing" with the boys and finding out the needs of their constituents.

One evening I listened to the reminiscences of a well-known Tammany politician, who, deploring the lax hold of Tammany upon the Jewish voter, said: "When he wants to get that $600 job, for which he is eligible by passing an examination, he comes to me for help. I land him. When he wants a raise, he comes to me again. I get it. When he passes an examination for a job paying $1,000, and he asks me to help him, sure I give it to him. When he wants a raise to $1,200, I can't help him, maybe; then he gets insulted, moves to the Bronx, becomes respectable, and votes the Republican ticket."

The Tammany Senator described the evolution of only one type of Jewish voter. The control by the Tammany organization of the Jewish vote lessens as the Jew becomes more and more self-sustaining as an economic and political unit. He has no blind loyalty to an organization as such. His intelligence must be appealed to. That is why the East Side and the Jewish quarters of New York have been fertile grounds for the appeal of progressive and independent political parties.

The Tammany Senator referred to one type of political evolution, from an organization Tammanyite to a "respectable Republican voter." He is becoming conscious that a new force is gradually edging its way into the Tammany stronghold.

Settlement workers, designated by an East Side mother as "paid neighbors," have helped to modify the point of view of Tammany's elementary neighborliness. Big Tim Sullivan, a National Tammany character, reformed a little before he died. Who would have thought that the charming "Robin Hood" of the palmy days of strike legislation against the corporations would sponsor the Fifty-four Hour Law for women workers in

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the State of New York and the bill advocated by Benjamin C. Marsh doubling the tax on land values? Tim told a settlement worker that he appreciated the evils of congestion, for in his newsboy days he saw the toll of the slums in death, disease, and degradation. Whether Tim was "kidding" the settlement worker or not, he acted as a reformer in spots.

Educational propaganda of the radical organization, the effective influence of the social settlements, with their appeals for a new neighborhood leadership, the extension of the social question into politics, and the appeal of the progressive political influence upon the imaginations of the serious East Side youth are bearing fruit, and mark the beginning of the second stage of the political development of the East Side.

Despised "uplifters" saw the Progressive party advertise its programme of social legislation and make child labor, workmen's compensation, and other measures of human conservation National political issues.

The Progressive party offered the more Americanized and self-respecting East Side young men an opportunity to enter public life without subjecting themselves to the humiliation of Tammany contact with gunmen and guerrillas, and of waiting, hat in hand, for the orders of the district boss. Twice the young and virile Progressive organization of the Eighth Assembly District defeated a Tammany candidate for the Assembly. This district was familiarly known as "de Ate," once the region where "red lights" exposed their danger-signals of moral degradation.

New and vigorous progressive movements found a fertile field in the Jewish quarters of New York. The response of the Jewish voters to the idealism of the Progressive movement is registered in the large vote which Theodore Roosevelt obtained from them in 1912.

Unfortunately the Progressive party was short-lived; but it left its traces, like other progressive movements, in liberalizing the regular organizations and in improving the type of candidates nominated by them.

Younger Tammany leaders like Alfred E. Smith, a brilliant East Side product, and State Senator Robert Wagner have helped to place upon the statute-books of New York some of the most advanced social and labor legislation of the country. The Asch fire, with its 143 working-girl victims, shocked the social conscience of New York City into a realizing sense of the need of protecting the lives of workers from the hazards of fire, unsanitary working conditions, and the strain of industrial fatigue.

The work of Alfred E. Smith and Robert Wagner in embodying the recommendations of the State Factory Investigating Commission in laws represents their conscious reaction to the progressive leaven.

The Jew of Russia and southeastern Europe comes to America largely an economic and political outcast who thinks in terms of hatred of the tyranny and oppression which bring him here. The radical and Socialist movements talk his language and appeal to his complex. But after the Jews have accumulated a little property and have been influenced by their American environment they become in considerable numbers independent and progressive voters. Independent because the Jew is an individualist often veneered with a Socialist vocabulary, progressive because he responds to an appeal for a juster social and political order.

The religious and prophetic spirit of the ancient Hebrew takes in the modern Jew the form of enthusiasm for a fairer and nobler social and industrial polity. The seeds of the Socialist challenge of his immigrant days bear fruit in American opportunism. They also lead him to Socialism, the third and present stage of East Side political development.

During the past twenty-five years the Socialist movement has been gaining momentum, so that to-day the East Side has become a fairly fixed Socialist stronghold.

Meyer London, an idealist of purest dye, is serving his second term as an East Side Socialist Congressman. He owes his election not exclusively to the Socialist vote, but to a large number of non-Socialist independent voters who have been humiliated by the type of representation which Tammany afforded.

Wise political observers on the East Side have asserted that London would have been in Congress long before his first election had he not been counted out by Tammany henchmen in control of the election machinery. For years anarchy reigned on election day on the East Side. Tammany and its "guerrillas" were given *carte blanche* by the old police system, and they deprived the citizens of their sovereign right of political self-expression. An honest Police Department under Arthur Woods gave all the political parties on the East Side a square deal on election day.

In the recent municipal campaign the Socialist party became a formidable political factor—again not because of Socialist dogmas or on purely Socialist issues, but because its candidate, Morris Hillquit, received a large vote of protest from pacifists and pro-Germans, who favored an immediate negotiable peace, and also because he voiced the discontent of the masses burdened by the high cost of living. Hillquit's vote, therefore, did not register Socialist gain as much as it was an expression from one hundred and fifty thousand voters on a temporary but important issue.

As a result of this combination of forces, the Hillquit vote helped to sweep into office ten Socialist Assemblymen and seven Aldermen, chiefly from Jewish districts.

Tammany is now facing a new menace. It realizes the potential power of Socialism. With its ear finely attuned to the ground, it knows that the Socialist Aldermen are no mere "highbrow spokesmen," like the reformers whom it regards with contempt.

The seven Socialist Aldermen represent a new force. In type they are wholly different from the fat, good-natured, hand-shaking ward politician, who thinks of politics in terms solely of "doing a turn." These Socialist Aldermen strike a strange note in the Board of Aldermen. They are serious students. Their leader, Algernon Lee, looks every inch of him the scholar and thinker. One of them played an important rôle in the Russian Revolution. Another is a graduate of the College of the City of New York, thoroughly Americanized, and is fully informed about American political history.

Since election these seven men made a special study of the city charter and the problems of municipal administration in a class at the Rand School, the Socialist University, of which Algernon Lee is Director.

They carefully prepared their municipal programme with the aid of authorities on municipal government.

Socialist office-holders lack the *bonhomie* of the Tammany officials. They appeal less to surface emotions and more to what they regard as fundamental economic causes and to that general social passion for a new order of things. Indoctrinated with Socialist dogmas, they plunge into the details of their jobs with grim earnestness and with the concentration of the student mind. This minority group is performing the function of stimulating criticism, and incidentally it is educating the old-timers with a lingo the sound of which is unfamiliar to the old walls of the Board of Aldermen's room.

Immediately upon taking office this group submitted resolutions pertaining to municipal purchase and sale of food and fuel. It submitted other Socialist proposals, including the taking over by the city of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, the establishment of a bureau of school feeding to provide the poor children of the public schools with hot and nourishing lunches, and an inquiry into the conditions of labor in the Street-Cleaning Department.

The Tammany group is constantly jockeying for advantageous positions. While it refers the Socialists' resolutions and ordinances to the Committee on Social Welfare, their import is politically assimilated by the majority party.

Tammany aldermen are engaged in a race with the Socialists to prove that they are the real "people's friend."

Socialists justify their measures in the light of their social philosophy as well as to meet human needs. Tammany advocates measures to meet the popular demand. Whatever its motive, Tammany is reading the signs of the times.

Alfred E. Smith, as President of the Board of Aldermen, with characteristic shrewd political sense, regards the small group of Socialist Aldermen as a minority worthy of respect and consideration. He has named them on important committees of the Board.

The Tammany group is skillfully maneuvering "to beat them to it," as Frank Dowling, President of the Borough of Manhattan, put it the other day when Tammany introduced a resolution a little ahead of the Socialists' for the municipal purchase and sale of food and fuel, and chuckled over its strategy. But

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Algernon Lee, with practical intelligence, introduced a resolution embodying a policy of social preparedness by providing for the city's purchase and sale of ice to the poor next summer. He learned from the experts that a purchase-and-sale programme to be effective must be worked on months in advance.

Tammany is close to the common people, and, while it does not lead, its ear is finely attuned to the music of the uplift band wagon.

Tammany does not fear the reform parties in New York City. It regards with contempt some of their highbrow spokesmen, and it never fails to make capital out of their financial and aristocratic background.

In the recent political campaign Tammany capitalized its neighborliness and its almost uncanny knowledge of cosmopolitan New York.

In the recent city election it advocated radical municipal reforms with a cogency which the reformers lacked. Tammany so manipulated its campaign that it gained the appearance of a progressive party and left the reformers in the position of appearing as reactionaries.

From now on municipal reform will be measured not by form but by social content. The emergence of the Socialist as a factor in municipal government will result in interesting political history. The citizen will demand more radical measures. Tammany will give the city considerably less administrative efficiency, but it will be goaded on by its instinct for self-preservation "to beat the radicals and Socialists to it," and become in some measure an instrument of progress.

We are on the eve of a fundamental change in our municipal policies. Tammany will try to get away with it by a programme of just enough radicalism in response to the tingling of its East Side nerves.

Until very recently Maine has been a fairly accurate index of National politics. "As Maine goes, so goes the country" has been a practical working maxim of experienced politicians. The East Side has been a fairly accurate register of New York City's political tendencies. As the East Side has thought and felt politically, so New York City has frequently followed. It will repay a student of present-day New York to study the East Side as a political barometer.

KNOLL PAPERS

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN MORLEY

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

IN a characteristic passage in his recollections,[1] John Morley points out the failures of men who have undertaken the double rôle of author and politician:

> A transition from books, study, and the publicist's pen to the vicissitudes of political action is not much favored by happy precedents. Let us not be shy of going too far back. The most historically influential type among famous men of letters, say what we will, is Cicero, the immortal, the all-wise Tully, and we know Cicero's blood-stained end on the Italian seashore, attended by the ill-omened flight of crows from the temple of Apollo. To pass to nearer times and more moderate names. We need say nothing of Clarendon, Halifax, Bolingbroke, or Addison, the first of half a dozen men of letters who held the post of Irish Secretary. The practice has been commoner in France than here, where in fact it has been rare, with Macaulay, Disraeli, Bulwer, for exceptions. Tocqueville, for instance, was a publicist of the first order, but a third-rate minister. Frenchmen will tell you that the literary event of the early nineteenth century was Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity" (1802), the most superb rainbow that ever rose in a storm-beaten sky. By and by this great writer, who did not fear Napoleon, took to politics on the Bourbon side, wrote a pamphlet so effective that Louis XVIII counted it worth a whole army, then became an ardent member of the worst of restoration ministries, went to the Congress of Verona to advocate the worst of policies, tempted France into her war with Spain. To-day the book that once was a spring from which a flow of moral ideas flowed over a new generation is dead, its writer s politics are matter of universal condemnation, and his name seems sunk under long eclipse. Thiers, the ablest if not the greatest Frenchmen of his century after Waterloo had closed an era, said he would willingly give the writing of ten successful histories for a single happy session in the Assembly, or a single fortunate campaign in arms. Thiers, however, had a weakness for loud superlatives of this kind, as when he declared that rather than see the Austrian eagle on the Vatican, he would destroy a hundred constitutions and a hundred religions.

We might extend this list to America. Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge are both authors and politicians, but they will be known in American history by their politics rather than by their pens; while Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond were great editors, but failed in politics. John Morley was twenty-five years in Parliament, and twice occupied the office of Irish Secretary, and was for five years head of the India Office. But he will always be better known by his contributions to English literature than by his contributions to English politics. His literary, not his political, recollections give interest to these two rather fragmentary volumes.

[1] Recollections. By John, Viscount Morley, O.M. 2 volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

There are two sentences which taken together furnish the key to Mr. Morley's character; the one philosophical, the other political. His father, a Wesleyan, became a Churchman, but carried into the new community the Puritan spirit imbibed in the old. The son reacted from his father's religious faith, and was in his youth carried into radical rationalism by Cotter Morison, whose radicalism is well interpreted by what was his most influential contribution to the thought of his time, "The Service of Man." The change in his pupil is expressed by the single sentence in which Mr. Morley expresses the intellectual change in his time: "The force of miracle and myth and intervening Will in the interpretation of the world began to give way before the reign of law." The other sentence furnishes an admirable definition of the psychology of Liberalism in politics as well as his own psychology: "Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root."

The conflict between Rationalism and Faith, the philosophy of James Martineau and that of John Morley, is not a "metaphysical quarrel between intuition and experience." It is a conflict between two types of experience, themselves the product of two types of temperament. The rationalist approaches life by observing it from without. He studies the mind by studying the brain and the nerves; he studies men by studying the great historical movements which he thinks has produced them. He looks through nature for nature's God; regards mental operations as brain phenomena; Luther as a product of the Reformation; and the Creator as a hypothesis to account for the creation. The spiritualist approaches life by observing his own experiences and interpreting the life of other men by analogy with his own. To him the brain and the nerves are the instruments of his thought; the great movements of history are the product of spiritual forces; and God is not a deduction but an experience. In John Morley these two contrasting temperaments were curiously conmingled. The spiritual temper gave him the faith in his fellow-men which made him in politics a liberalist and in literature a great biographer. The rationalist temperament made him so radical and consistent a believer in the reign of law as to leave no room in his mind for the supernatural or even the superhuman. These Recollections furnish two curious illustrations of the intellectual consistency of his rationalism.

He had great though not undiscriminating admiration for John Stuart Mill, to whose school he belonged. This school held that all our knowledge is derived from our senses. Even mathematical truths were regarded as the results of observation. There might be, for aught we know, worlds in which two and two do not make four, and in which two straight lines can

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inclose a space. After Mr. Mill's death there was published a posthumous essay written by him on "Theism" in which he said, "Religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man [Jesus of Nazareth] as the ideal representative and guide of humanity," and declared his belief that "not even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life."

To Mr. Morley this very moderate expression of faith in Christ seemed an act of intellectual apostasy, and he mourned over it as a Calvinist divine might mourn the fall from grace of an honored friend. He writes: "In 1874 Mill's posthumous essay on 'Theism' appeared—a piece that dismayed his disciples not merely as an infelicitous compromise with orthodoxy, but, what was far more formidable, as actually involving a fatal relaxation of his own rules and methods of reasoning. It made a sort of intellectual scandal, like the faith of Pascal, that most intrepid of reasoners, in the unspeakable miracle of the Holy Thorn."

Even more striking is Mr. Morley's comment on Professor Huxley, whom he characterizes as "a close and constant friend of mine." In 1883 (Mr. Huxley was then fifty-eight years old) he expressed in a very characteristic fashion in a letter to Mr. Morley his wish, perhaps it might be said his hope, for immortality:

> It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way.

Mr. Morley had not apparently even the intellectual curiosity of Mr. Huxley, for he comments on this letter with the remark: "My answer to his query I cannot recall; that it was a negative is certain." The incident recalls Mr. Morley's endeavor in his biography of Rousseau to find some consolation in his own repudiation of immortality: "Would not men be more likely to have a deeper love for those about them, and a keener dread of filling a house with aching hearts, if they courageously realized from the beginning of their days that we have none of this perfect companionable bliss to promise ourselves in other worlds, that the black and horrible grave is indeed the end of our communion, and that we know one another no more?"

Indifference, sometimes becoming active hostility, to the views of the intuitional or spiritual school, is characteristic of Mr. Morley, as it is of his fellow-rationalists. We see no indication in these volumes that he had any acquaintance with the beliefs of such progressive thinkers in the Church as James Martineau, Charles Kingsley, Dean Stanley, John Caird, and Frederick W. Robertson. The liberal theologians have been far more eager to understand sympathetically the views of the agnostic school than have the agnostics to understand the views of the liberalists' theology. To those views the agnostics have generally presented a closed mind.

The politically liberal temper of Mr. Morley, his "respect for the dignity and worth of the individual," is apparent in his admirable sketches of his contemporaries and friends. Such a collection of miniatures is not to be found, so far as we know, anywhere in modern literature—pen-and-ink pictures of such men as Professor T. H. Green, George Meredith, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Carlyle, Victor Hugo, Giuseppe Mazzini, George Sand, and Herbert Spencer.

I have treated Mr. Morley only as an author, partly because this is the aspect of his life which is to me the most interesting, partly because his political recollections give very little information of special interest to American readers respecting the political movements of the day in which he had a part.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.

WHEN THE TRANSPORTS SAIL

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

The ships move out of the icy bay
And a group of women watch them go.
Our eyes are salt as the blowing spray,
But we smile with hearts that glow.
Why should our eyes be brimming so?
What right have our hearts to that fire divine?
There's never a soldier sails to-day
That is hers—or hers—or mine.

By the right of farewells that can never be said,
Of a ring that never was worn,
By the right of a lad in his springtime dead,
And a boy that never was born,
O mothers of sons who sail this morn,
We are praying them out to sea—
Your children, that God might have given instead
To her—to her—to me.

THE BRASS INCENSE-BURNER

BY JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

In the following sketch the Chinese names may bear a little explanation. Chang Dah Mah and Wu Sao Tze are two Chinese women whose family names are respectively Chang and Wu. Dah Mah and Sao Tze are titles of respect given to married ladies. Sing Sien Sung and Sing Si Mu are the foreign doctor and his wife who have taken the Chinese family name Sing; Sien Sung and Si Mu are the titles that scholars and their wives are usually known by. It is hoped that this sketch, founded on fact, may do something towards convincing the American reader that a Chinese, like Shylock, hath "senses, affections, passions," and is "hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is."—THE AUTHOR.

CHANG DAH MAH sat sipping her tea with deep indrawing breaths of content; she nodded her head sagely to give emphasis to the remark she was making: "So I said to the foreign lady, 'Books won't do, Sing Si Mu, books won't do out our way, for the necromancer is the only one that can read, and he's blind.'"

Her companion felt that Chang Dah Mah had made the only possible rejoinder under the circumstances, but, realizing that her friend had more conversational tidbits in reserve, Wu Sao Tze remained silent.

Chang Dah Mah nibbled daintily at a watermelon seed and continued: "It takes a fast rider and an early start to reach one's destination before a foreigner, for Sing Si Mu replied, 'In that case, I think we will have to teach you to read,' and I was so surprised that I promised I would come twice a week to a class—I can't imagine why I did. Who ever heard of a woman learning to read at my age, and why should they want to take the trouble? It seems strange enough."

Wu Sao Tze shook her head—it all sounded very suspicious. "You had better beware," she said. "There is black magic in those foreign books; I have it on good authority that they seem to teach beautiful doctrines, but those who try to practice them become very queer," and she tapped her forehead suggestively.

Chang Dah Mah was thoughtful for a minute. "I am not sure, but I think those reports are wrong, for our own wise men

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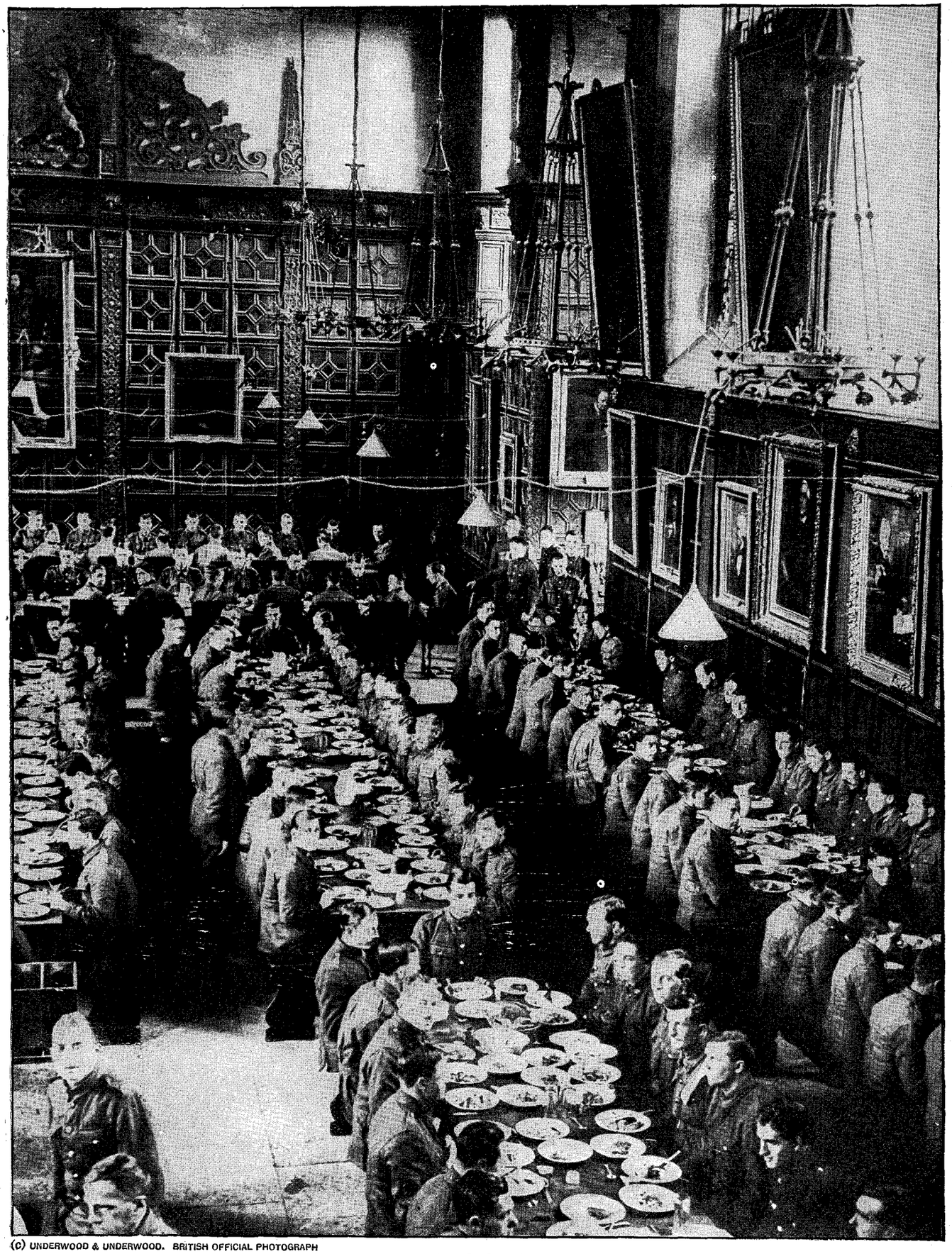

(c) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD. BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, ENGLAND, NOW DEVOTED TO WAR PURPOSES

The picture shows interestingly how Great Britain has devoted its every energy to the prosecution of the great task of winning the war against despotism. The Great Hall of Trinity College, as seen above, is now used as a mess hall for the cadets of the Royal Flying Corps. Their dining-room, it will be seen, is a stately apartment. Upon its walls are portraits of Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Bacon, the poets Dryden and Tennyson, and other eminent alumni of this famous College, which is said to be the largest in England. The Hall is conveniently situated for a dining-room, as adjoining it is the huge Kitchen, in which even in peace times there were facilities for providing dinner for seven hundred persons. The grounds are now being used as a drill ground for the Royal Flying Corps

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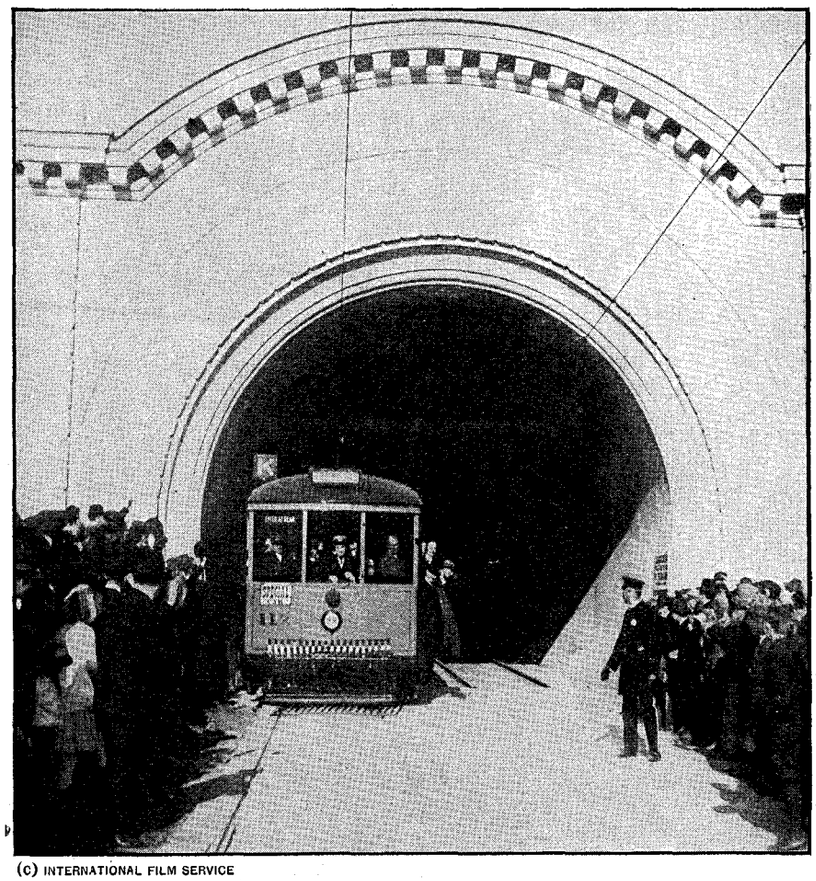

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SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW STREET RAILWAY TUNNEL

The photograph shows the first car emerging from the tunnel, under the direction of Mayor Rolph. This subway, called the Twin Peaks Tunnel, has been three years under construction, cost $4,250,000, and connects the Twin Peaks section with downtown San Francisco

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HELPING ON THE THRIFT STAMP CAMPAIGN

A Chicago organization of women has been pushing the Thrift Stamp drive, and one of its members is seen in the photograph putting up a poster calling on other women to help on the good work. Everywhere women can thus aid the Government

(c) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

MECHANICS ENROLLING TO HELP UNCLE SAM BUILD SHIPS TO END THE WAR

The Government asks all competent men to enroll themselves in the Shipyard Volunteer Reserve, to be called on when needed to build the ships that are necessary to make our "bridge to France." A group of patriotic citizens responding to this appeal are shown above

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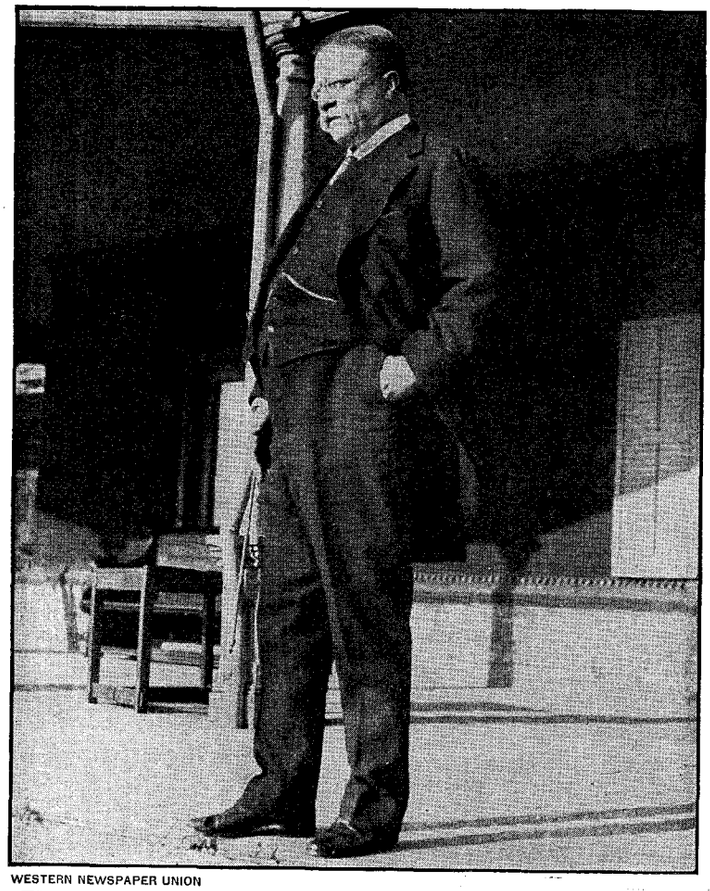
TEDFORD H. CANN, THE FIRST NAVAL RESERVIST TO RECEIVE A MEDAL OF HONOR

On November 5 last Cann entered a flooded compartment of the U. S. patrol vessel May, stopped a leak and saved the vessel from sinking. For this act he receives a Medal of Honor. He was in his second year at New York University when he enlisted in the Naval Reserve



WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SHORTLY BEFORE HIS RECENT ILLNESS

Colonel Roosevelt is shown in the above photograph standing on the porch of his home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, not long before the illness which necessitated his removal to Roosevelt Hospital in New York City. The entire country, indeed the world, it may be said, rejoices at the news of his recovery

BAIN NEWS SERVICE

DR. AUGUST PHILIPS, THE NEW MINISTER FROM THE NETHERLANDS TO THE UNITED STATES

Dr. Philips was born in Amsterdam in 1864. He is a graduate of the University of Leiden. He has successfully practiced law in Amsterdam for many years

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK IN A PROCESSION CELEBRATING THE DELIVERANCE OF JERUSALEM

The Archbishop is seen walking with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which order he is a Prelate, near St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, London

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say, 'Benevolence is man's peaceful abode; righteousness is his straight path.' I sometimes wonder if it would not be well if the Chinese were queer in the same way. I was told when I went to the hospital nearly blind that the foreigners would cut out my eyes to make medicine; instead they gave me back my sight. Did a Chinese doctor ever make a blind person see? They stick needles into the eye, and then one is blind without a shadow of a doubt. There is Sing Si Mu, too, the doctor's wife; he is as polite to her as he would be to a man. He actually allows her to go through a door before himself, and he opens it for her most courteously. Do not mention it," and Chang Dah Mah cast a furtive glance around her to be sure that there was no listener to the terrible heresy she was about to utter: "I sometimes wish I had been born a foreign woman myself."

From Wu Sao Tze's startled glance Chang Dah Mah realized she had gone too far; should Wu Sao Tze report this, it might get her into trouble with her family and neighbors. Here was a case for diplomacy. "I suppose you would not care to attend this class—you might be afraid of the magic? It is a pity, too, for there is so seldom anything new in this part of town and the foreigners have all sorts of strange toys that they show one. There is a box of music that plays without any one touching it; it can't be bewitched, for the head official has one at the *yamen*, and he would not use a dangerous thing, for he is a learned man. Then they have clocks that strike, and queer furniture and clothes; they do not use chopsticks, but knives and forks that are most barbarous. It is a pity, but of course you would not feel it safe to come, and I would not even suggest it to you."

The Chinese are often called a peculiar people, but when we come to analyze them they are not very different from ourselves, for American ladies have been known to gossip over a cup of tea, curiosity does sometimes overcome their prudence, and the temptation of being seen with a woman of better birth has caused them to accept an invitation, no matter what the consequence.

Although Chang Dah Mah did not know how to read, she knew womankind, and was not at all surprised when her friend swallowed her skillfully dangled bait and said she would join the class. The temptress drew a sigh of relief, for now she felt safe; Wu Sao Tze could not accuse her of being under the foreigners' influence if she went to their home too.

The sun set early on those November days, and long shadows from the western mountain were creeping down the narrow street of the little hamlet where Chang Dah Mah lived. The village was in reality nothing but an unkempt suburb of the larger city that lay to the north, a suburb that had once been prosperous, but, like the inhabitants, had fallen on adversity.

Chang Dah Mah knew that she must now make her adieu, and, having thanked Wu Sao Tze for her boundless hospitality and having made arrangements to go together the following day to the foreign lady's class, the two friends separated.

The family of Chang were in no sense parvenus, for they could trace their ancestry back many generations. In China, where everything old is regarded almost as a fetish, good lineage is doubly respected; but, alas! this family had little else but past grandeur to live upon, and their present condition could be best described as "decayed gentility." The Taiping Rebellion had swept over that part of the country, leaving nothing but devastation in its wake and the city and neighborhood a heap of ruins.

The Changs lived in patriarchal fashion, after the manner of China's best families. Three generations of sons, their wives, and their children all dwelt under one roof—or what remained of one roof; and such an arrangement does not make for peace and a quiet life, as Chang Dah Mah could attest.

No one need tell her the scene that would greet her when she entered her home; the children would be quarreling, the women gossiping, and the men loafing. The condition of their finances was rendered precarious from the fact that the men could not dig (manual toil was beneath their dignity), to beg they were ashamed, and they had no learning; so the only visible means of support was to sell an occasional heirloom to the pawnbroker and gamble away the proceeds. Such a course of conduct did not improve their dispositions.

Chang Dah Mah helped out a little by doing sewing; indeed, it was in this way that she had first met the foreigners. She had gone to them against her family's will, for there was no telling what disaster she might bring upon her precious relatives by associating with "foreign devils," and she had persisted, not from any particular bravery, but driven on by the pangs of hunger. The strangers had noticed the state of her poor eyes, and had finally prevailed on her to have an operation.

Very few such kindnesses had Chang Dah Mah known since she had come, a child of eight, to live in the house of her father-in-law, and this had impressed her greatly. Her life had been one long round of sordid toil because she was the quietest and most industrious among the women. The only break in the monotony had been her husband's death, many years before, which had been quite a pleasurable excitement with all its hired mourners, feasting, and confusion. She could not feel any depth of sorrow, as he had been one of the worst of her tyrants. The marriages of her younger brothers-in-law had indeed been momentous too; but, as she had had to do the greater part of the work on these occasions, she did not look back upon them with any particular joy. Now, however, the foreign lady had smiled upon her, and life had taken on another hue. She had not yet given over all her misgivings, but something drew her irresistibly toward the newcomer's home.

It can easily be seen that it was with no rose-colored dreams of anticipation that Chang Dah Mah turned her face towards her dwelling. On reaching the threshold, she drove away a lean pariah dog that had followed her steps; her imagination was too deadened by toil to see in it a likeness to the proverbial wolf whose shadow ever fell across that doorway. As she entered she was greeted by a torrent of curses for the lateness of the hour. "When you know your brothers-in-law need their evening meal, that is the hour you choose for idling with your gossip." The only reason Chang Dah Mah was permitted to pay a visit was the knowledge that she usually got a cup of tea, which left more food for the hungry mouths at home.

The house was almost dark, the flickering oil lamp accentuating the blackness all around. Chang Dah Mah did not need to remove her hat and coat, for she wore the same clothing out of doors as in the house. There was no heat, and the air in the damp rooms was a shade more clammy than that in the open. With a quick glance around her to see that no one was watching, she went to the corner of the room where she kept her bedding, to assure herself that it had remained untouched in her absence; then she turned and started her preparation for the evening meal.

Now Chang Dah Mah had a secret, and around it centered the greatest joy and the greatest fear of her poor thwarted life. Thirty years ago as her dissolute husband lay dying he spoke to her in a low whisper when for a brief minute they happened to be alone. Beckoning to her to lean over him so that no one could see what he was doing, he slipped from beneath his bedding into her hand a little brass bowl; he bade her turn it over, and on the bottom he pointed out the seal of a dynasty long since passed away, one in which many of the most valuable works of art were made. He told her that this piece of brass had belonged to the Changs ever since that period, and there was a legend that if the incense-burner were sold a great disaster would fall, not only on the living members of the family, but on the spirits of their ancestors. The only way it could ever be parted with was as a gift of charity, but he warned her against this as a foolish waste—no Chang could ever be brought to give anything away. "I give it to you, foolish woman," he said, "because I know that my brothers would sell anything to get money for gambling; I can hardly trust you not to sell it for food, but you are the most trustworthy;" with which kindly words on his lips he breathed his last.

Chang Dah Mah quickly slipped her new responsibility up her ample sleeve and called the family. Not for many hours did she have a chance to examine her treasure, as the mourning of her brothers-in-law made up in noise what it lacked in sincerity. Finally, one night when the inhabitants were locked in slumber—there was nothing else that would lock in the house—Chang Dah Mah was able to look on her incense-burner by the dim light of the moon. She longed to see the brass in the daytime, as she had done at first when the polished sides had shone like gold to this woman who never in her life had owned anything of value. She passed her finger lovingly over it, tracing the

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seal on the bottom with great care, though she was too ignorant to know a single character, and for nearly an hour she held and fondled it. She finally, very secretly, dug a hole in the mud floor under the place where she had always kept her bedding; there she hid it by wrapping it in a handkerchief and packing the earth in carefully over the whole. Daylight had almost come before she had satisfied herself that there was no chance of discovery.

From that time forward Chang Dah Mah's life centered around the bowl. All the affection that had been denied expression was lavished on this tiny object. Before this she had tried to satisfy her yearning for love by kindness to her nephews and nieces, but the parents had been jealous, and they had forced her to desist. Then she had adopted a scrawny kitten, but the family had exclaimed in horror at her giving the scraps to her pet that she should eat herself, and the animal was taken away. This incense-burner, however, no one knew about, so no one could interfere. Very seldom did she have a chance to look at it, for it was but occasionally that she dared to take it from the hiding-place, and then only at night. Once a year when the family attended the idol procession she would steal away in the crowd and go home to gloat over her possession. To keep it as brightly polished as on the day on which she received it was ever her ambition, but that too had to be done at night. She never went away from the house without the fear tugging at her heart that some one might discover it in her absence, and it was with a deep sigh of relief that she would return and find it safe. This treasure had never had a rival, and the slight dawning interest which Chang Dah Mah had in the foreigners could not be compared to the feeling that had crept into the very fiber of her being.

The following morning she arose earlier than usual so that she should be sure to get away in good time for the mile walk to the foreigners' compound. How her family would jeer, she thought, if they had known that stupid Chang Dah Mah really imagined she could learn to read!

She made herself as tidy as she could, under the circumstances, and hobbled off stiffly on her poor bound feet. Wu Sao Tze was impatiently waiting for her at the corner of the street, so there was no delay in their departure. The bright, sparkling autumn sunshine seemed to get into their blood, and as they walked along they chatted almost gayly of the wonders they were about to see.

Wu Sao Tze found, to her surprise, that Chang Dah Mah had not exaggerated one whit the marvels of the missionary house. She put an inquisitive nose into every closet and drawer to assure herself that there was no baby's skeleton concealed, and at last, being fully satisfied that there was no black art hidden in any sequestered nook, she consented to be beguiled with the other women into the reading class. Chang Dah Mah had proudly acted as guide to all the curiosities. As they seated themselves in the woman's guest-room, Wu Sao Tze confided to her friend, in a loud whisper that all the room could hear: "Well, the foreigners may not use magic, but they are certainly very, very queer."

It was with difficulty that Wu Sao Tze was restrained from talking straight through the hymn and prayer that followed; in fact, on all that was said and done she kept up a running comment that was very amusing. Before the reading lesson was begun a short selection from the Bible was read and commented on. The verse this morning was on the forgiving of one's enemies, and it seemed an utterly absurd doctrine to Wu Sao Tze. In her eagerness and excitement she stood right up, for she felt that such foolish words must be contradicted.

"Hear me, Sing Si Mu," she exclaimed. "Such doctrine may be all very well where you come from, but it won't do in China, not for a moment. Why, our enemies would ride right over us, you have to have backbone here and answer right back when you are reviled or you would lose face."

All the other women but Chang Dah Mah nodded assent. "She is right and has answered wisely," they murmured; but Chang Dah Mah, thinking of her sisters-in-law and their harsh tongues, felt that there might be something to be said for the new system.

During the next few months Wu Sao Tze and Chang Dah Mah attended the class regularly and, little by little, were able to recognize a few characters; and the kindness and sympathy that they invariably received melted their prejudices and won their love, though Wu Sao Tze would often shake her head and say:

"But I can't understand why they take the trouble, unless it is to acquire merit."

In February the famine that had threatened all winter fell on the city with its horrors. Those were dark days for Chang Dah Mah, for she felt her strength gradually failing, and she began to fear that the time would come when she would no longer be able to walk to the foreigner's and see her beloved Sing Si Mu. The only money she could make was by the sewing she did for that lady. Chang Dah Mah would not complain, so it was not suspected how much she needed food; and if she looked a little thin, so did all the women.

For the first time since it had come into her possession, Chang Dah Mah seriously contemplated the necessity of selling the incense-burner. In former famines she had thought of it, but had always decided that she would rather die than lose it, and the idea of being haunted by her ancestors' spirits had deterred her; but now, to be separated from Sing Si Mu seemed even worse than ghosts; besides which, a little of the Christian doctrine had begun to sink in, and she doubted some of the old superstitions. Night after night she would dig up the treasure, thinking that in the morning she would sell it; but as the day began to dawn old habits and associations regained their power, and she would return the bowl to its hiding-place.

One warm March afternoon the two friends decided to go to see Sing Si Mu, though it was not the usual time. The notes of a spring bird seemed to assure them that winter and the famine would soon be gone, so they felt more cheerful than they had in weeks.

When they reached the compound gate, a sad disappointment awaited them, for the foreign doctor was down with typhus fever and the place was in strict quarantine. Sing Si Mu was nursing him and could see no one. They turned their faces homeward with heavy hearts; several times Chang Dah Mah nearly fell, weighed down with grief and hunger. She thought of the tenderness she had received in the hospital; how gently Sing Sien Sung had touched her eyes; and now he was dying, and she could never tell him of her gratitude.

Chang Dah Mah never knew how she lived through the next few weeks. She received a little sewing from some of the other foreign ladies, and that kept her from dying; but they were too absorbed with the illness to know that very often Chang Dah Mah's eyes were so dimmed with tears that she could scarcely see her stitches, for the reports grew no better, but rather worse and worse.

Then one day when she crept to the front door they told her that the doctor was better; he had turned the corner and would get well. If she would come back in three days' time, she could see her beloved foreign lady. No words can tell of Chang Dah Mah's joy; she forgot that she was old and weak with hunger, and went down the street, telling the glad news to the neighbors as she passed.

The minutes dragged on leaden wheels until the hour that Sing Si Mu had appointed for Chang Dah Mah's visit. When she finally stood bowing before the foreigner, she could scarcely speak; she seemed shy and ill at ease, and as if she had something on her mind. Sing Si Mu, to relieve her embarrassment, talked to her of all she thought would interest her, when suddenly, in a broken voice, Chang Dah Mah said:

"Sing Si Mu, it is such a great happiness to us poor people that Sing Sien Sung is better that I can scarcely talk about it. I hear he took the fever going to see the people who were dying at the temple. Now he must not run such risks if I can prevent it; so I have brought him this worthless incense-burner, that when he goes into places where there are contagious diseases he will smell the incense and come to no harm." And, putting her hand up the ample sleeve of her Chinese coat, Chang Dah Mah drew forth her treasure, carefully wrapped in a blue handkerchief.

Deeply touched, Sing Si Mu looked searchingly into the woman's eyes and knew that this was a gift that must not be refused, no matter how valuable it might be. But she could never know that Chang Dah Mah had given all she had.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of February 20, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Political Aspects of Peace; A Paper Peace for the Ukraine.

Reference: Pages 273, 274.

Questions:

1. What is the agreement reached between the Bolsheviki and the Central Powers? What is there unusual about it? 2. What does The Outlook think of it? Of its meaning? 3. How many and what facts has The Outlook brought out about the Ukraine? 4. What are the three main things the Ukrainians want? The Bolsheviki? Make comparisons between the agreements of the Bolsheviki and the Ukraine with the Teutons. 5. Discuss The Outlook's characterization, "A Paper Peace for the Ukraine." 6. Is The Outlook right in saying that the Bolsheviki Government is based "not on democracy, but on absolutism"? 7. Can you think of any way by which Russia might have been kept in this war with the Allies? 8. What consideration ought the Allies now to give to Russia? Treat her as a deserter or not? Give careful thought to this question. 9. Read Elihu Root's ably written book "The United States and the War, The Mission to Russia, Political Addresses" (Harvard University Press) and "Russia in Transformation," by A. J. Brown (Revell).

B. Topic: What the President Said.

Reference: Page 273.

Questions:

1. What differences are brought out in this reference between the attitude of Austria and that of Germany? How account for these? 2. What are the principles, according to President Wilson, that must be applied before peace can be secured? 3. When do you think Germany will be willing to apply these principles? 4. For what is this war not to be continued if these principles are to hold true? 5. Do they demand enough from Germany? Discuss. 6. What seem to you to be the President's purposes? Are they fundamental to a durable world peace? 7. You would do well to read in connection with this topic Goldsmith's "A League to Enforce Peace" (Macmillan); Veblen's "The Nature of Peace" (Macmillan); Hill's "The Rebuilding of Europe" (Century); Dickinson's "The Choice Before Us" (Dodd, Mead).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The President's Bill; What People Say; The Powers of the President; Who Is the United States?

Reference: Pages 274; 281–283; editorial, pages 279, 280.

Questions:

Note—Read references in the order given.

1. What are the provisions of the Overman Bill? What could the President do under it? 2. Give several reasons why there is difference of opinion on this bill. Ought all to be either for or against it? 3. Would it be dangerous to give the President authority "to reframe the executive departments to suit himself"? Why or why not? 4. Which would be better (1) to extend the President's personal powers or (2) to "summon the ablest executives without respect to party"? Why has not the President selected men irrespective of party? 5. What reasons have you for believing that Dr. Odell has or has not answered well his own question, "Who Is the United States?" 6. Make a list of Mr. Wilson's present powers. Do they exceed those of Lincoln at the time of the Civil War? 7. Do you find any statements in Dr. Odell's article with which you disagree? Give reasons. 8. Are the provisions of the Overman Bill democratic or anti-democratic? Discuss at length. 9. What are the two facts The Outlook says the President's request for so much power has established? Are there other facts it establishes? 10. What does The Outlook think of the reorganization of the War Department as outlined by Secretary Baker? What are its reasons for such belief? (See, besides pages 279, 280, page 275.) 11. Is The Outlook for or against the Overman Bill? Are its reasons sound? 12. What points in civil government do you learn from these references? 13. How is one to judge whether the provisions of any bill are sound? 14. Name and discuss several ways of developing sound public opinion. A very important question. 15. As soon as you can, read "Addresses on Government and Citizenship," by Elihu Root (Harvard University Press); "American Ideals," by Foerster and Pierson (Houghton Mifflin); "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Walter Lippmann (Holt); "The New Democracy," by W. E. Weyl (Macmillan).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. The worst autocracy in the world is that of the unlettered masses. 2. Europe and the East will not again fear Russia. 3. The President ought to have in normal times the powers asked for in the Overman Bill. 4. Every citizen in a democracy is a lawmaker.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for February 20, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Demobilize, revolution, anarchy, reprehensible (273); executive agencies, personnel, wiseacres (274), the Constitution, legislation, antiquated, expedite (279), combers (281), critics, emotions, convictions, ideals, preview (282), allocation, *de jure*, *de facto*, embodiment, indomitable, infinitestimal, omnipotence, logic (283).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

Grandma: Try good old Musterole

For sore muscles or lame back or for anybody's rheumatism, there is nothing quite like Musterole.

It brings quicker relief than a mustard plaster; and it makes no muss and brings no blister. You just take this clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard, and rub it gently on the spot. Ah! What a sense of cooling, penetrating, delightful relief! First you feel a tingle, then there comes a delightful coolness that seems to penetrate 'way down. And usually the pain goes while you are using it.

There is neither bother, nor muss, nor blister, nor danger. For Musterole is simply made from oil of mustard and a few home simples. It penetrates and will not blister. Yet it will generate heat; and this disperses the congestion.

Peculiarly enough Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it. Remember: as you rub it in usually the pain goes. Never be without a jar of Musterole.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

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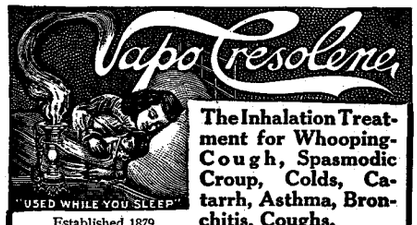

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
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Worsted Knitting Yarns of Highest Grade

The Patriotic Yarn Association was organized to supply the women of this country with the best worsted knitting yarn in the market at the lowest possible cost, allowing only for the expense of distribution, with the understanding that they will make up garments for men in the service of the United States and her Allies.

We desire to reach the individual knitter direct that she may be unrestricted in the disposition of her finished garment provided only that she knit solely for the above-mentioned cause and give her written word of honor to that effect. We also gladly help out small organizations of recognized reputation working for patriotic purposes.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

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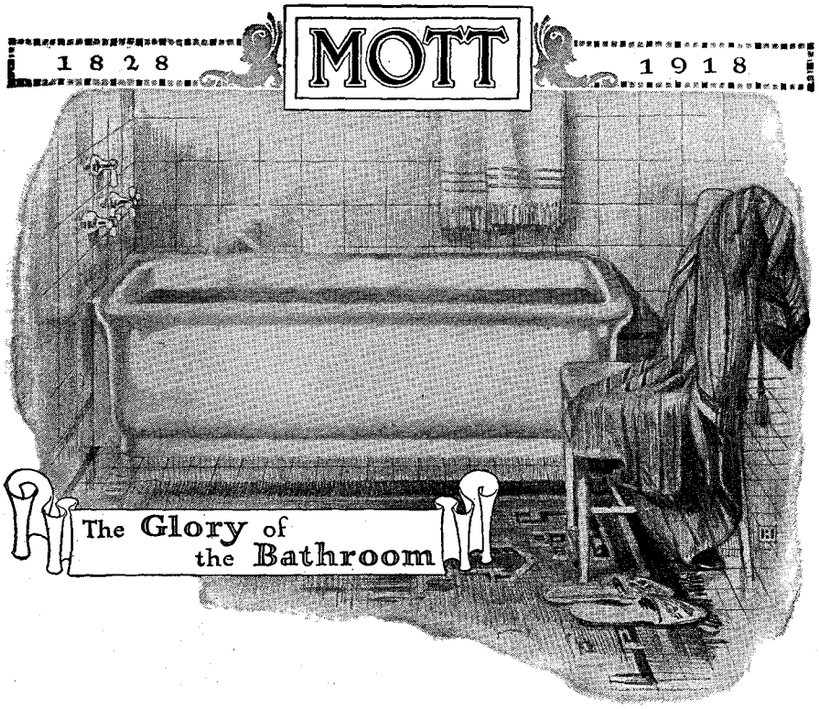

HERE is a tub which gives you "solid porcelain" advantages at a cost heretofore thought impossible. In fact, the cost of this *Mott light weight solid porcelain bath* is scarcely more than first grade enameled iron.

The *snowy beauty* of solid porcelain glorifies your bathroom—its permanent *wearing qualities* add permanent value to your entire home investment.

Its brilliant white surface is kept immaculate by a light going-over with damp cloth or sponge.

The fact that its smooth surfaces are fashioned by hand appeals to those who care for the looks of hand workmanship.

For full descriptions of this and other new bathroom and plumbing equipment, see our "Bathroom Book," which also shows 22 model bathrooms with floor plans. It is literally a handbook of bathroom planning. Sent for 4c postage.

Everything we sell, we make

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS, TRENTON, N. J.

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†Boston, Pittsburgh, †Chicago, Atlanta, Los Angeles, †Philadelphia, Seattle, †Cleveland, Dallas, †Detroit, †Des Moines, †Toledo, †Portland, Ore., †Washington, D. C., †New Orleans, †Denver, †San Francisco, †St. Louis, †San Antonio, Fort Smith, Ark., El Paso, Texas, Indianapolis, †Salt Lake City

MOTT COMPANY, LTD. †Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, Canada

†*Showrooms equipped with model bathrooms*

THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Children of Passage. By Frederick Watson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Special interest attaches to this "tragi-comedy of modern life in the highlands of Scotland," because the author is the son of that Dr. John Watson who is best known as "Ian Maclaren." The present novel has considerable humor, some not always quite successful irony, keenness in depicting character, but very little skill in construction, and a tendency to wordiness.

Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann (The). Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Vol. VII. Miscellaneous Dramas. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.50.

The extent of Hauptmann's literary output is seen in the fact that this is the seventh volume of his dramatic works. It contains the "Commemoration Masque," "The Bow of Odysseus," and a number of fragmentary plays.

Mistress of Men. By F. A. Steel. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.40.

Mrs. Steele again writes of India, but this novel takes us back to ancient days and describes the life of a wretched little pauper girl who in time became practically Empress of India. Incidentally the old faiths and the old customs of India are described. The story has plenty of interest as a story, but its diction is high-flown and super-romantic.

BIOGRAPHY

Homely Diary of a Diplomat in the East (The) (1897-99). By Thomas Skelton Harrison. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

A handsomely printed and illustrated book, of primary interest to the author's own circle, but also well worth reading by any one who has visited Egypt or who is interested in the diplomacy of the "Egyptian question" and the diplomats who took part in its solution.

Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln and War-Time Memories. By Ervin Chapman, D.D., LL.D. Introduction by Bishop John W. Hamilton. Illustrated. 2 vols. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $5.

William Claiborne of Virginia. With Some Account of His Pedigree. By John Herbert Claiborne, M.D. Introduction by John D. Lindsay. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

POETRY

Book of New York Verse (The). Edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems of Italy. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the Author at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. $1.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Dreams and Images. An Anthology of Catholic Poets. Edited by Joyce Kilmer. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.50.

Riddles of Hamlet and the Newest Answers (The). By Simon Augustine Blackmore, S.J. The Stratford Company, Boston. $2.

Sum of Feminine Achievement (The). By W. A. Newman Dorland, A.M. The Stratford Company, Boston. $1.50.

A critical and analytical study of woman's contribution to the intellectual progress of the world.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Colorado: The Queen Jewel of the Rockies. By Mae Lacy Baggs. Illustrated. (See America First Series.) The Page Company, Boston. $3.50.

A book that will confirm residents of Colorado in their admiration of "the Queen Jewel of the Rockies" and make inhabitants of less favored States wish to

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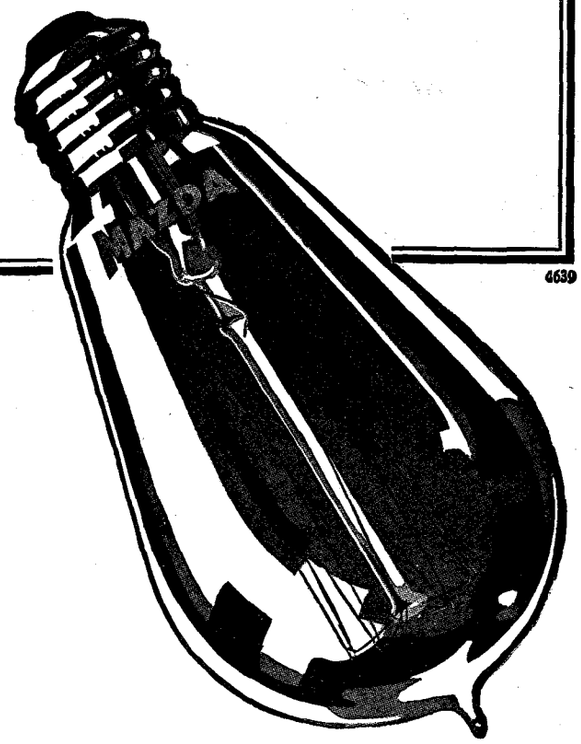
MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"

As the turbines draw from Niagara the energy that sets the motors whirling—so MAZDA Service draws from the flood of new thoughts in lighting, the ideas that help the lamp-makers make better lamps.



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The Meaning of MAZDA

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this Service. MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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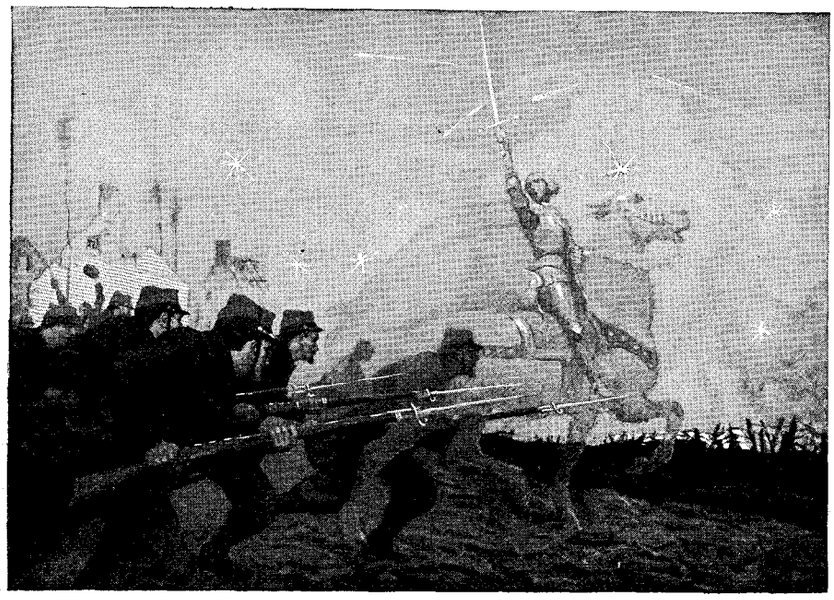

The Miracle of the Marne

The battle of the Marne halted the rush of the Germans towards Paris. It aroused the French to superhuman bravery. They fought as if led by the spirit of the Maid of Orleans herself.

The Marne was a demonstration of the power of patriotism with its back against the wall. The same sacrifice of self, the same love of country and unity of purpose that inspired the French people must inspire us, and we must win the war.

We are sending our best manhood to fight for us. They must be armed, fed and clothed, cared for through sickness and wounds. This is the work of every individual as well as the Government.

It is the proud duty of the Bell System to coordinate its purpose and equipment to the other factors in our national industrial fabric, so that the manufacture and movement of supplies to our boys abroad be given right of way.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

WE have had several requests for reprints of "A New Old Tune to The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was published in the January 23d issue of The Outlook. We are now prepared to furnish leaflets reprinting this with words and music at One Dollar per hundred copies.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

The New Books (Continued)

settle within the shadow of Pike's Peak or at least see some of the wonders so enthusiastically described. There are many pictures, some in color.

Florida: The Land of Enchantment. By Nevin O. Winter. Illustrated. (See America First Series.) The Page Company, Boston. $3.50.

This volume presents a history as well as an up-to-date description of a land that has been for centuries—and never more than now—a land of enchantment for the seeker for health, youth, sport, and gold. Well-printed illustrations and a map add to the interest of this straightforward account of Florida's development, resources, and attractions.

WAR BOOKS

Prisoner of War in Germany (The). By Daniel J. McCarthy, A.B., M.D. Illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $2.

This book is a careful study of the way in which the care and treatment of the prisoner of war has developed under the principle of neutral inspection and control. In its review of what has been done by Germany it is not at all sensational, but it includes important reports and letters, supported by evidence, which show that the undertakings of the German Government as to prison conditions have not been carried out and that there are many cases of most deplorable negligence or cruelty.

Rebuilding of Europe (The): A Survey of Forces and Conditions. By David Jayne Hill. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

Largely a republication of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University and in part printed in the "Century Magazine" in 1917. They are a discussion of political and ethical aspects of the great war, its fundamental causes, and the result to be looked for—"a new Europe in which the dogma that the state is a licensed brigand is smitten dead." It is calm and scholarly, and the author speaks with freedom from diplomatic assumption but with that intellectual authority which belongs to a writer who has occupied an honorable position as a university professor and a diplomat in Switzerland, the Netherlands, and the German Empire.

EDUCATIONAL

Moral Values. A Study of the Principles of Conduct. By Walter Goodnow Everett, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Undergraduate and His College (The). By Frederick P. Keppel. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.60.

SCIENCE

Description of Industry. An Introduction to Economics. By Henry C. Adams, Ph.D., LL.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Examples in Battery Engineering. By Professor F. E. Austin, E.E. Published by the Author, Hanover, New Hampshire. $1.25.

Field Book of Insects. With Special Reference to Those of Northeastern United States, Aiming to Answer Common Questions. By Frank E. Lutz, Ph.D. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Helping the Helpless in Lower New York. By Lucy Seaman Bainbridge. Introduction by Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

Moody's Manual of Railroads and Corporation Securities. Nineteenth Annual Number. Railroad Section 1918. The Moody Manual Company, New York.

New York Times Index (The). A Master-Key to all Newspapers. Issued Quarterly. Vol. V, No. 4—October-November-December, 1917. The New York Times, New York. $2.

Proceedings of the National Conference of Social Work. At the Forty-fourth Annual Session, Held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, June 6-13, 1917. The National Conference of Social Work, 315 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

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TEACHING IS SALESMANSHIP

It was a school-teacher who made the remark as we stood watching the throng at the headquarters of a State convention for teachers. "There are two classes of people in that crowd," he observed; "the exponents of various publishing houses and teachers. They are easily distinguished. The bookmen are well dressed." That was several years ago, and things have changed somewhat. This year, it seemed, the very bookmen were decayed. One person, however, still served to recall the old condition. Diamond studs and fancy waistcoat marked at once the representative of the business world. Anomalous as was his appearance, it was soon explained. He had come at the command of the Government to impress upon the teachers their duty toward the *thrift stamps*. Teachers are patriotic; they also have a sense of humor, or they would become extinct.

But teachers can hardly witness such sumptuosity without at times turning green eyes upon the apparently more opulent rewards of business. It is necessary for us to be reminded that even in the ranks of commercialism there are drummers as well as salesmen. Without going into the question of the disproportion between the earning capacities of teaching and selling, I believe it of prime importance that the teacher should see to it that he belongs in the salesman, not the drummer, class of his profession. Now the analogy between teaching and selling is so close that the teacher may well take a leaf out of the business man's own book. As a matter of fact, in all the larger, more modern schools he is already doing so. But I am by no means sure that even there he realizes to the full how closely his profession is allied to that of the expert salesman. He will think *pedagogy* when perhaps what he should think to make his work vital is merely *business*.

Salesmen tell me—the smoking compartment of the Pullman car is no improper place to learn in—that the act of selling comprises four distinct operations: first, the fixing of the prospective buyer's attention; second, the creating of a desire for the article; third, the presentation of arguments to prove that one particular brand of that article is most to be desired; and, last, the closing of the sale. Now these four processes are as inevitably prime factors in successful teaching as in salesmanship. One salesman—and he had in his pocket at the time two orders aggregating $300,000—declared to me with emotion that he believed all life was nothing but salesmanship. "A man sells himself," he said, "his brains, his talents, his personality. If he is a good salesman, he is a success." This he meant in no vulgar sense.

The teacher should approach his pupils as so many possible purchasers. We may ignore for the time the commercial arrangement which makes the parents important in the transaction. The teacher has goods for sale—his particular stock of knowledge. It is his business to make the pupils buy, if he can. If he succeeds, the pupils become the possessors of his knowledge, for which they give in payment time, energy, and attention. The completion of the transaction stamps the teacher a success. The pupils' progress represents the order for $300,000 in the salesman's pocket.

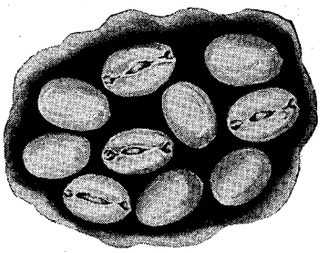
To secure the purchaser's attention the salesman will go to any lengths short of

"Where Do They Get That Flavor?"

That Fascinating Puffed Grain Flavor

Thousands of women, at food expositions, ask where we get that wondrous flavor in Puffed Wheat and Rice.

We tell them this: That almond flavor comes from heat alone. The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in 550 degrees of heat. That extreme toasting—and that alone—makes Puffed Grains taste like nuts.

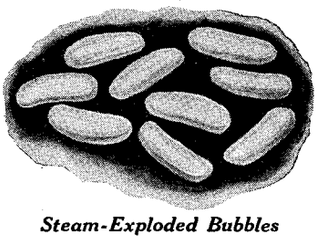


Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

Why These Airy Bubbles?

They ask why Puffed Grains are so big, so flimsy and so porous. That is due to steam explosions. After an hour of toasting the grains are shot from guns. The inner moisture changes to steam, blasts every food cell to pieces. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

They ask the reason for this heroic process. Is it just to make enticing cereal tidbits?



Steam-Exploded Bubbles

No; it is done to make whole grains wholly digestible. This is Prof. Anderson's process for making hygienic grain foods. When grains are puffed in this way, every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Cooking and baking will break part of the food cells. Puffing blasts them all.

Think of these as scientific foods, though they seem like food confections. Grains puffed in this way do not tax the stomach. And there is no waste.

There are three kinds, so you get a variety. Serve like other cereals, mix with fruit, float in bowls of milk. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts. Use as wafers in soups.

Among all the food dainties made of wheat, rice or corn, Puffed Grains stand supreme.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

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The Outlook SCHOOL BUREAU

announces that it is prepared to give information concerning all types of schools, viz., preparatory schools, colleges and academies, schools for music, art and the drama, vocational schools, correspondence schools, special schools, etc.—and this information is furnished gratis to our readers.

We cannot over-emphasize the importance of selecting the *right* school for your boy or girl, and a great deal of time and careful thought should be given to a perusal of school catalogues and other data relative to the schools you are especially interested in before making a definite decision.

Wherever possible a representative of The Outlook, who is in charge of this work, has made a survey of the schools, and will thus give you the benefit of these personal visits.

If you will let us know the type of school you are interested in, the age and sex of your child, and any other data which you think will aid us in making our suggestions, we will gladly see that complete information and literature are sent you.

SCHOOL BUREAU

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

Teaching is Salesmanship (Continued)

self-destruction. He will study his victim's hobbies, he will learn his likes and dislikes. His very family affairs are not safe. Some of the most thrilling detective stories I have ever listened to have been told me by salesmen recounting their adventures while pursuing a client's point of view. This is business. Is it teaching? I believe it is. The teacher must get the pupil's interest, and that in no superficial way, but through a knowledge of his point of view, as carefully acquired as that of the salesman who looks at every word he says through the eyes of his client.

I once knew a boy whose ambition in life was to become a flagman at a railway crossing. The glamour of sitting in a little round house all day smoking his pipe, with now and then the excitement of coming out with his flag to hold up the traffic of the street while the train whizzed past, had captivated his imagination. What did he care about spelling and arithmetic? They would be of no use to him. The teacher who tried to sell him spelling and arithmetic would need to know this ambition of his. Through it or over it lay the sole path to a successful sale. Only through it or over could the teacher create in that boy a desire for the knowledge he had to impart. The boy would have to feel the use of it. The man selling safety paper calls the banker's attention to losses entailed through raised checks. The teacher's problem is more complex, but no less important. What can I do with it that I want to do? is the question the pupil asks indifferently. The pupil knows what he can do with football scores and big league records. He can talk with the fellows and cut a figure. There is more real studying focused on the sporting page by many college students than on any book. Such study is real because the student knows what he wants and why he wants it.

The teacher does not, like the salesman, have to plead a special brand, unless his be one of those subjects kept alive by artificial respiration. In place of arguments for some particular variety of knowledge comes his exposition of the subject itself in such terms as seem persuasive to the student.

One step alone remains, the closing of the sale. This the teacher accomplishes best by sheer force of personality, although drill and clarity count for much. But, after all, those things are best remembered which are presented in an imaginative way. The teacher and the salesman, as well as the poet (and the fool) are born.

The dull pupil may be a hard customer, but he exposes somewhere the heel of Achilles. A salesman with great difficulty had brought a woman of newly acquired wealth to an inspection of the show rooms where his car was on sale. The woman had at length selected a car upholstered in a special tapestry. This was the last thing the salesman desired, as that particular car had already been sold and no more tapestry of the same pattern was available. Another car was standing by identical with the former except that, instead of the delicate art tapestry admired by the visitor, it was furnished with what the salesman described in narrating the incident, "a prison stripe." The woman's obstinate assertion that she would have the first car or none left the man at a loss, but still determined to make the sale. He asked his client merely to sit in the despised car—simply with the idea of gaining time in which to think. It was some minutes before he pre-

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Teaching is Salesmanship (Continued)

vailed even to this extent; but at last she complied, and then he hit upon an attack.

"Mrs. Blackstone," he said, candidly, "that other tapestry is pretty, there's no denying it, and it goes well with your exquisite gown—doubtless imported If it didn't, that would make no difference, as you would have many which did. But suppose you should wish to take a friend out in your car. Her gown might clash with the marked coloring of that tapestry. I know your æsthetic sense would be pained at compelling her to ride in a car which jarred so harshly with her costume. It would harass you to see it. Now the neutral stripe of this other tapestry will harmonize with any color." He made the sale.

A good salesman would be one who, with proper training, would make a good teacher. A good teacher would be one who could shift successfully into the business of selling.

M. Ellwood Smith.

DON'T CAN THE CAN

Economy seems to have become the slogan of the American people, and with our many "less" days and other Hooveristic plans regarding food and fuel we have already accomplished great things. But if we would be consistent in our economy programme, then "Can the waste" should be supplemented by this corollary, "Why waste the can?"

For reasons associated with the great war, tin and glass products have advanced in price in proportion with all other things. Yet the back yards and garbage cans of all America are filled with bottles, glasses, jars, and tin cans that are as good as the day they were made and could be used as containers for the various products a hundred times as well as once.

There are thousands of products put up in tin and glass in such a way that the contents can be removed without damaging the receptacle at all.

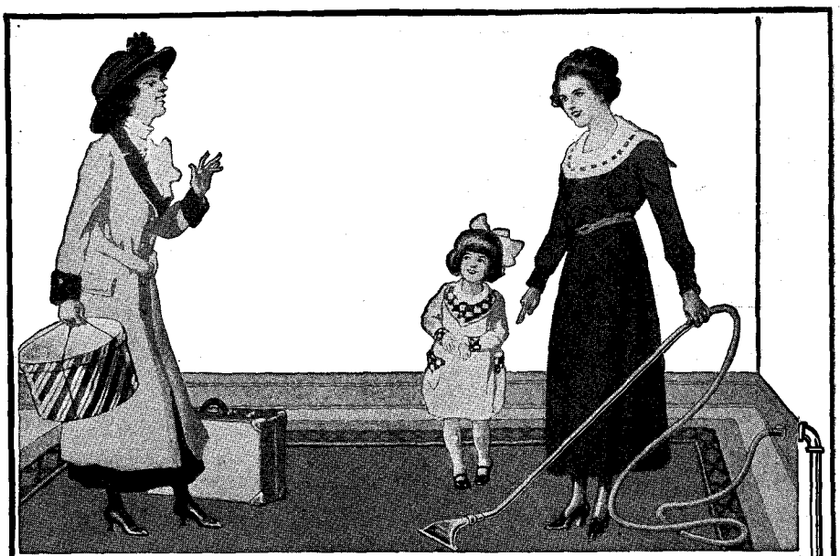
The writer finds an obstacle in his economy brain path every time he looks into his garbage barrel, which gets from five to fifteen of these undamaged containers every week. Breakfast food cans, syrup pails, chipped-beef glasses, olive bottles, lard pails, coffee cans, and a thousand others must be consigned to the rubbish dumps because America has not learned to save.

It seems that all this unnecessary waste could be avoided by a very simple arrangement. Dealers in potatoes, stock feed, and other coarse products give a rebate of five cents on every undamaged bag returned to them. Why isn't it possible for our manufacturers to have their pails, cans, bottles, and glasses returned through their retailer by a rebate or premium system? A great many concerns give premiums for coupons; surely it would be greater economy to give premiums for cans, and incidentally the American back yard would be a better-looking place.

Further economy on glass receptacles could be accomplished by standardizing them into sizes from half a pint to two quarts, with such covers that the jars could be used in the home for preserves after having served once for the manufacturer.

Every little American who sees this wholesale needless waste of a diminishing resource wishes his protest could be heard and considered by the bigger Americans—the legislators and manufacturers who have the power to prevent it. E. M. Dahlberg.

Ladysmith, Wisconsin.



Servants like the Arco Wand

This durable and efficient cleaner is a good investment in many ways. It takes the place of a servant when you desire to do your own cleaning. It helps you to get and hold a servant because it saves time and labor and eliminates dust-breathing sweeping.

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

A few strokes of the light ARCO WAND will thoroughly remove all dust, dirt, grit, etc., from carpets, rugs, upholstering, and furnishings. The ARCO WAND is a stationary cleaner built with great care and will stand up for efficient work for years of daily cleaning.

The dust is piped away through central suction pipe to the sealed dust bucket of the machine in the basement.

Easily put in old or new buildings. A wise investment for homes, hotels, churches, theaters, factories, shops, etc.

Buy now on easy payments

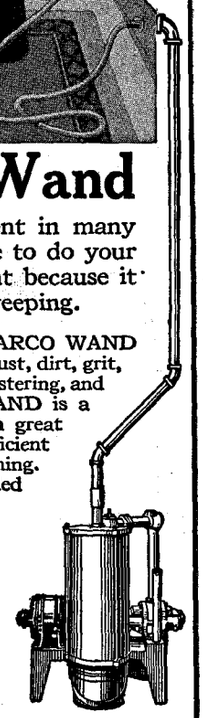
Any dealer will gladly arrange with you to buy an ARCO WAND on our monthly payment plan. Many owners are buying ARCO WANDS today on this plan—why not you?

Catalog sent FREE

Send today for complete catalog illustrating and describing the many uses showing why the Arco Wand is the best machine to buy.

Write to Department C-5 **AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY** 816-822 S. Michigan Av. Chicago

Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators



Machine is set in basement or side room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose, and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade.

Your Spring Vacation

If you are interested in spending your spring vacation in **Hot Springs, Virginia; White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia; Camden, Summerville, or Aiken, South Carolina; Asheville, Hendersonville, Southern Pines, or Pinehurst, North Carolina; Atlantic City** or **Lakewood, New Jersey,** or any other spring resorts, we can help you plan your trip.

Start making your plans now. With the advent of settled weather the resort hotels are already being booked up rapidly, and it is necessary to secure your reservations well in advance.

Let us know where you wish to go, the length of time you will want to spend and the approximate rates you are willing to pay, and we shall be glad to send you information about these resorts. There is no charge to Outlook readers for this service.

TRAVEL AND RECREATION BUREAU

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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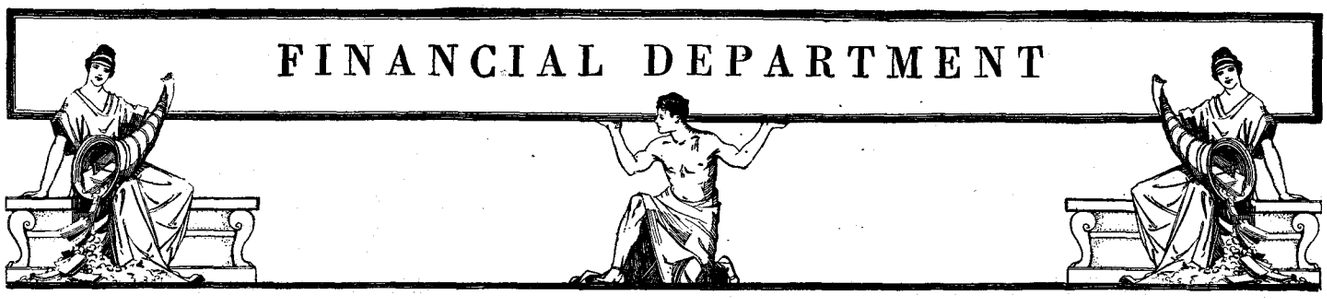

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

How to Invest $1,000 to Net $60 a Year

"I HAVE $1,000 to invest. Where can I place my money so that I can be assured of

—complete safety of principal;
—prompt payment of interest in cash;
—protection against depreciation in value;
—freedom from care, worry, or management;
—six per cent interest?"

Such is the problem many investors are facing.

First mortgage serial bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan,* solve all such problems. They meet each and every one of the above requirements. One thousand dollars, invested in these safe bonds, will yield $30 every six months — $60 a year. Five hundred dollars will yield $15 every six months. An investment of $5,000, netting $300 a year, may be so diversified as to yield $25 every month.

Write today for our literature telling how the *Straus Plan* has protected investors for 36 years without the loss of a dollar to any of our clients, and describing safe 6% investments. Ask for

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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS

BY STEPHEN BELL

(Reprinted from "Commerce and Finance")

"THERE are things which are mine, things which are thine, and things which are ours," said the late John S. Crosby. There is no disposition anywhere to dispute the principle, but the application of it is combated on every hand.

No serious attempt has been made to classify businesses which should be private (mine and thine) and those which should be public (ours). If there was "no money in it," nobody engaged in a given service or business until public sentiment forced the Government to attend to it. So it comes that the maintenance of public highways, public schools, police and fire department, etc., are public businesses. But if there was money, or the promise of money, in them, private enterprise was eager to exploit them, with the result that railroading, the telegraph and telephone business, supplying gas, water, light, etc., are in private hands—are considered by their possessors as private business.

It has occurred to a few minds that there is a better, truer, more scientific classification of public and private business and service than the possible profits that may be made from them. If, they say, a given business requires the exercise of no public right, the exclusive use of no public property, the granting of no privilege not open to all, it is a private business; but if it does require any of these things, which really constitute a quasi-public partnership, then it is a public business.

The railroad business seems to fall naturally into this class. It requires for its existence probably the most important of public rights—the right of eminent domain, the power to condemn and take the property of private parties for public use. It is impossible to imagine the acquisition of these interminable strips of land for the building of a railroad without this power. And the granting of the power has been made on the only defensible ground—that it was for "public use."

The public acquisition of these "private" businesses will be attended with much trouble, labor, friction. Their present owners will find it difficult to see the matter except through their "vested right" glasses. The owners of our railroads naturally feel just now that an unfair advantage is likely to be taken of their patriotic willingness to turn their property over to the Government for the prosecution of the war, and hence are disposed to cast an anchor to windward by limiting the Government's operation of their property to the time necessary to prosecute the war to a victorious finish and a decent period after for the proper "unscrambling" of the omelet. Some of them may be inclined to do more than this—even to do things calculated to discredit Government ownership. We are fully warranted in saying that "sabotage is not confined to those who receive their pay in an envelope." The history of the attempts of cities which have acquired street railroads, ferries, gas and electric lighting business, etc., afford too many illustrations of overloading them with unnecessary employees, purchasing supplies at extravagant prices, etc.

Suggestions are not lacking for a compromise between Government ownership and the old system, a return to which is seen even by the most conservative to be impossible. Mr. William W. Cook, counsel of the Postal Telegraph, the Commercial, and the Commercial Pacific cable companies, has sent to each United States Senator a letter in which he advocates a plan for private ownership under Government control. He quotes approvingly a recent utterance of Mr. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company, who said in part: "It is very certain that the old days of enforced competition, anti-trust laws, anti-pooling laws, conflicting State regulation, wasteful competition, duplication of service, will not be permitted by a public alive to its own interests."

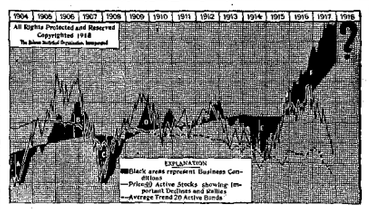
The "Railway Age," long the champion of the old system, has seen a light, too, for it says: "There clearly is a growing belief among both railway men and public men that it is undesirable that either the old system of regulation or the old system of management shall be restored." It suggests the elimination of unnecessary competition, reorganization along regional lines, private ownership with Government guarantees of minimum net returns, and Government control with pooling of facilities in so far as such pooling will promote efficiency.

Brother Hearst is out against any compromise arrangement and demands Government ownership and nothing else. That truly good and consistent soul quotes himself for years past as having always favored it. There be friends of the proposition who regret that he favors it, and manifest a disposition to apologize for the fact, fearing his advocacy may give it a black eye—that he even may have been at least partially responsible for the unexpected action of the Senate in setting a time limit of eighteen months for Government operation.

The "Manufacturer's Record" contributes some valuable hindsight to the discussion, placing on President Wilson's surrender to the Railroad Brotherhoods all the blame for the railroad breakdown which led to their taking over by the Government. There is good authority for the statement that "the children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light," meaning that they usually know better what they want and how to get it. The editor would do well to read the remarks of Theodore N. Vail, Chairman of the League for National Unity, on nagging the Administration.

Government ownership may meet with more opposition from those who have controlled our railroads than from those who own them. The holders of large-salaried positions feel their positions slipping from beneath them. Perhaps it will be easier to secure men at more moderate salaries to manage railroads than it was to secure men to manage them, secure business, and place the stock and bonds of the roads in an advantageous position for investment and speculation. Possibly the Director of Railroads had some such thought in mind when he dismissed a number of "unnecessary" agents and attorneys recently.

One of our jokesmiths has defined a standpatter as one who cannot be started, and a progressive as one who cannot be stopped after he starts. The Anarchistic school of political philosophy, observing that most of our economic ills arise from abuses of government, would abolish government; to them the rights of the individual are everything, those of the collectivity nothing. The Socialistic school, observing



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Government Ownership of Railroads (Continued)

that these same economic ills arise from the abuse of individual rights, would merge all rights in the collectivity, making the Government supreme in all things and the individual nothing—or near it.

Like sabotage, Anarchism and Socialism are not confined to the lowly, and the fundamental ideas of these schools are held by many who hotly resent the imputation. We must, if this world is ever to become truly fit to bring children into it, steadfastly set our faces to eradicate two kinds of evils—the abuses of government and the abuses of individualism. We must learn what John S. Crosby would have taught us—"There are things which are mine, things which are thine, and things which are ours."

With the heart to do justice to all, let us apply this principle to the railroads of the Nation.

KEEP YOUR LIBERTY BONDS

In a recent issue of The Outlook we pointed out that the use of Liberty Bonds during the war for the purchase of securities carrying a higher rate of interest ought not to be encouraged by investment houses. Another phase of this use of Government bonds as currency is brought to public attention by the appeal of the Secretary of the Treasury to merchants not to attempt to increase their sales by offering to accept Liberty Bonds in payment for goods. Mr. McAdoo's statement, made immediately after Christmas, was as follows:

While I have no doubt that these merchants are actuated by patriotic motives, I am sure that they have failed to consider the effect which the acceptance of their offers would have upon the situation. We are making the strongest effort to have these Government bonds purchased for permanent investment by the people at large, to be paid for out of the past or future savings of those who buy them. Purchases thus made not only result in providing funds for the uses of the Government, but they also effect a conservation of labor and material.

When the bonds are exchanged for merchandise, it defeats the primary object of their sale—it discourages thrift and increases expenditures, thus depriving the Government of labor and material needed for war purposes. In addition to this, such bonds when taken in exchange for merchandise must, in most cases, be immediately sold in the open market. This naturally tends to depress the market price of the issue, and makes it less easy to sell future issues at the same rate.

When the second Liberty Loan was offered to the public, we pointed out that the purchase of Government bonds out of current savings offered an excellent opportunity for helping the Government finance the war and at the same time provide for one's future capital needs. We suggested, for example, that a man who was saving money with which to build a home after the war could apply these savings now to the purchase of Liberty Bonds, and then, after the war, use the bonds to finance the home building. But we emphasized the fact that these savings must be put at the service of the Government during the war and not withdrawn for other purposes until after the Government need was over.

Mr. McAdoo has done well to bring this home to the public, and especially to merchants and others who have evidently failed to realize the purpose of the war loans. Over and over again it must be impressed upon the people of this country that the one thing the Government needs to-day for the successful prosecution of the war is a large part of their current savings. It does the Government no good to invest one's savings in Liberty Bonds and then turn around and withdraw the savings by the sale of the bonds. This simply means that the burden of saving for the Government is transferred from one citizen to another. Liberty Bonds that have been used as money for the purchase of merchandise come back into the market at once because the merchants sell them to get the funds. The holder of Liberty Bonds who needs some or all of the money he has invested in them in order to meet unexpected living expenses, of course, is perfectly justified in putting himself in funds in this way. But he is not helping the Government if he sells Liberty Bonds to purchase things that he can do without.

Since the second Liberty Loan was floated the bonds have declined from par to 95. This decline is due to selling in excess of the market's capacity to buy them. A considerable part of this decline in Liberty Bonds, which has been a matter of considerable comment, is undoubtedly due to the liquidation by merchants and others who have taken them in payment for their wares.

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WHAT IS RAGTIME?

In The Outlook of November 7 there appeared an editorial called "Primitive Folk Songs of Broadway" which contained what might be considered a just plea for a square deal to ragtime music.

As a pianist and teacher it has been my privilege to get in touch with the musical hearts of a great many classes of people (Americans *en masse*), and out of my experience I think I have gained a fair knowledge of what the real American wants in music. No one is better situated to discover the actual musical inclinations of America than the American music-teacher; I mean the teacher of average attainment, the one who deals with the average American. Alas! no one sees more clearly or feels more forcibly the musical demands of the people than those teachers who, like myself, have spent so much time and energy in trying to instill in them something they do not seem to want.

Just what ragtime is and why it lives is not easily told. It covers entirely that type of music referred to and cleverly designated by The Outlook as "Broadway folk songs." But the common conception of it is obscure and confused. A great many people, including (apparently) some of its composers, seem to think that it is merely another word for syncopation. That this is by no means true we shall see presently.

Ragtime seems to be going through a course of evolution. Its scope is becoming broader. Year after year an increasing variety of musical style is conveniently falling under this head. And it is gaining favor.

Perhaps the most vigorous objection voiced against ragtime comes from those who, by their loftier instincts, detest its favorite haunts, namely, popular dance halls, places of ill repute, cabarets, etc. Another serious objection is its frequent adaptation in vulgar and suggestive songs. In these, however, there is no just cause for its denunciation. Being sorely neglected among cultured folks, the outcast finds refuge among the rough and worldly, where it is, in truth, much abused.

Strictly speaking, I believe there is but one well-founded theoretical objection to ragtime, and that is the occasional excessive use of its peculiar kind of syncopation. Syncopation, by its stimulating effect, is pleasant when administered in well-regulated form. It is spice. But when taken to excess it overstimulates; it irritates. That which at first is dazzling in due time becomes tiresome. The listener will soon surfeit on syncopation. Admiration turns to disgust. It is gratifying to observe, however, that this one-time doubtful feature is gradually losing favor and promises to be eventually overcome. It is also a fact of significance that these over-syncopated songs are by no means the most successful.

Perhaps the best way to define ragtime and prove that it and syncopation are not necessarily analogous will be to go to the bottom of things and summon up some actual illustrations. In other words, deal with it in the concrete.

A short time ago Madame Schumann-Heink sang for the soldiers at Camp Meade, Maryland. Immediately after the applause which greeted her first appearance on the stage one of the soldiers called out: "Sing 'For Me and My Gal.'" This was merely one of the comedies of camp life, and no doubt amused the great singer as much as any one else. She declined with a smile, and said she would sing a beautiful French love song instead.

The boy knew what he liked and called for it. No doubt there were a great many more present who would have been delighted with the captivating rhythm of this now popular song.

"For Me and My Gal" is typically ragtime, yet it is practically free from syncopation—to be exact, there are just three measures of syncopated melody, those near the close of the chorus. The most striking example of all ragtime music came out a few years ago in Irving Berlin's song "Alexander's Ragtime Band." It may be interesting to note that this song was received in London and Paris with the same enthusiasm as in New York. Over a million copies were sold in Europe.

What made this song so popular? It was not syncopation, for there is no syncopation at all in the chorus, which is the most pleasing part of the song.

Ragtime songs like the following, "Are You from Dixie?" "Back Home in Tennessee," "I Want to Go Back to Michigan," "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula," etc., owe their success to a certain peculiar enchanting rhythm, but not to syncopation.

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TOPSYTURVY STATESMANSHIP

The extraordinary reasoning of the Bolsheviki leaders in Petrograd, who disband their armies without making a peace treaty, recalls a clever bit of burlesque contained in one of Mr. Simeon Strunsky's "Post-Impressions" in the New York "Evening Post." Mr. Strunsky's modern Sinbad was (in imagination) in Brest-Litovsk, where the peace *pourparlers* between Russia and Germany are going on. He says:

I was walking one night in the outskirts of Brest-Litovsk when I noticed a familiar figure leaning against the stone coping of the bridge promenade and gazing sadly into the waters of the River Bug. I recognized him as one of the German peace delegates with whom I happened to be on speaking terms. I inquired courteously after his health.

"Well enough in the body, friend Sinbad," he said, "but my mind, alas, is giving way. One more session with these Bolsheviki and I am done for."

"And yet they seem such pleasant people," I said.

"Pleasant, yes. But they are undermining my mental constitution," he said, pressing his hands wearily to his throbbing temples. "I was born in Prussia, friend Sinbad. For the space of eleven years I used to leave home for school at 8:47 and return at 3:53, going to bed at 7:30. Then in high school my hours were from 9:15 to 5:25. At the university I regularly took twenty-five minutes for lunch and three-quarters of an hour for exercise. My annual expenditures were 2,545 marks and 50 pfennigs, as my note-books balanced at the end of the year would show. And thus it has been throughout my career.

"But now the Bolshevik delegates," he went on, "set a meeting for ten o clock and show up at 2:30. They speak two or three at a time. When we say to them that we ought to dictate terms because we are the victors, they say, 'Oh, no, you have beaten us, but we are the victors.' When we ask them what they expect to do in case hostilities are resumed, they say they will compel us to capture Petrograd. When we ask how about the army, they reply cheerfully that most of the army has run away and the rest is starving, and that consequently they must insist on our accepting their terms without changing a dot. After a couple of sessions, friend Sinbad, our delegates from the Central Powers are on the edge of nervous prostration. The head of our mission cannot write home because he has forgotten his wife's name, and more than once he has been overheard calling himself up on the telephone. I suspect a nefarious plot, Sinbad. The Bolsheviki are planning to drive the leading statesmen of the Central Powers into a lunatic asylum, and then they can work their will upon poor Germany."

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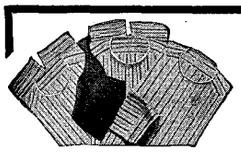

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BY THE WAY

"The next morning, as treacherous and as hypocritical as ever, a large company of Germans, which included all the principal and senior men, came to his quarters, with a double object—to clear themselves (so they alleged) for engaging in a battle the day before contrary to the agreement and to their own request therein, and also by deceit to get what they could in respect of the truce." This is not an extract from an account of current happenings in Russia in respect to the making of peace between that country and Germany. It is from Cæsar's history of his dealings with certain German tribes in the year 55 B.C. Replying to the spokesman of these Germans (who had crossed the Rhine to invade Gaul) the narrative reads: "To this Cæsar replied as seemed good; but the conclusion of his speech was as follows: He could have no friendship with them if they remained in Gaul." These extracts from a famous book are commended to the attention of the powers that be.

A subscriber writes, apropos of a recent paragraph in this department, that an "unintentionally irreverent prayer" uttered in perfect solemnity by an old-time hill-town parson was as follows: "O Lord, Thou art like a chipping-squirrel in the wall—Thou canst see us, but we can't see Thee!"

In 1775, says C. C. Gill in "Naval Power in the War," David Bushnell, of Connecticut, built the "diving boat" known as the "American Turtle." Its design was astonishingly modern in many ways. "It was made of iron plates, propelled by a screw, and guided by a compass made visible by phosphorus. The torpedo was carried outside. . . . These attempts with the submarine and the torpedo, although they did very little actual harm, caused so much alarm . . . that it is perfectly fair to say that the submarine and torpedo had a tactical value in the Revolutionary War."

John M. Browning, the inventor of the Browning automatic gun, is, according to the New York "Sun," a resident of Ogden, Utah. He has been making guns since boyhood, and comes by his interest in them honestly, his father having been a gunsmith. He is, the "Sun" states, the originator of the machine gun used by the United States forces during the Spanish War and the Boxer uprising. A bullet from a Browning automatic pistol, it is said, killed the Austrian Archduke whose death precipitated the war.

An English paper prints this good-natured joke at the expense of the Irish recruit: "The little Irishman was being examined for admission to the army. He seemed all right in every way except one. The doctor said: 'You're a little stiff.' Quickly the Irish blood mounted as the applicant retorted: 'And you're a big stiff!'"

The Recruiting Service of the United States Shipping Board has, according to "Shipping," appointed an official chantey man, Mr. Stanton H. King, who is described as the country's best-known chantey singer. His work will be to revive chantey singing among merchant sailors on the new sailing vessels. The singing of these songs insures team work when a crew are pulling on ropes or performing other duties that require united action. "To hear Mr. King lead his sailor friends in 'Shenandoah,' 'Bound for the Rio Grande,' or 'Blow the

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By the Way (Continued)

Man Down,'" says the journal quoted, "is to understand the psychologic punch of the well-sung chantey."

A Nevada subscriber bewails the loss to the tables of the country of 1,500 jack rabbits which he saw just after they had been destroyed by poison. This huge pile of good food, he says, might have helped out on the meatless day or the day after. This systematic poisoning of rabbits by the Biological Survey should, he says, be abandoned in favor of some less wasteful method of ridding the country of these pests, which furnish really good eating. But he suggests no alternative method of killing them by wholesale. Perhaps some other reader can?

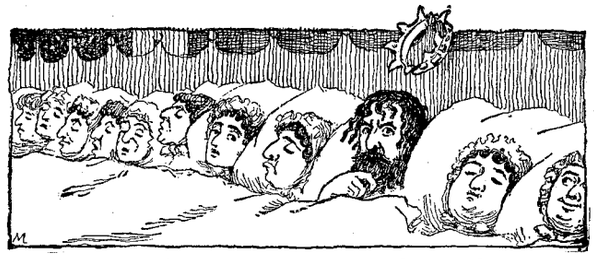
The seamen who come to New York left the unprecedented sum of $533,459 for safe-keeping with the Seamen's Church Institute last year. They could afford to do this because their wages are now higher than ever before known. The men who were drawing $30 a month before the war are now getting $60, and in addition they receive a fifty per cent bonus for hazardous trips through the submarine-infested waters, bringing their earnings up to $90 a month.

An odd reminder of the days when phrenology was popular as a means of "reading character," with a sly dig at the tendency of its professors to give complimentary explanations of the "bumps," is found in a letter from Elizabeth Barrett Browning advertised for sale in a London bookseller's catalogue. It reads in part: "Do you believe in phrenology? Did you ever consult a phrenological oracle? and did it answer, 'My son, thou art invincible'?"

A theater devoted to magical mysteries and the conjuring art is planned for New York City, under the management of Houdini, a past-master of this kind of entertainment. "From the minute one enters the portals," an announcement says, "everything will smack of the black arts. The hand which reaches out for the money at the ticket office will have no apparent connection with any human form, and a voice from nowhere will direct the audience to their seats. Music will be furnished by invisible chimes."

"The Student Council showed a good spirit last week," says the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin," "when it put itself on record in favor of opening and closing the exercises of the University one hour earlier each day for the sake of saving the fuel used for lighting purposes." This news item may serve as a reminder that Congress has yet to pass on the Daylight Saving Bill.

"A Yankee in the Trenches," Corporal Holmes, after being disabled during an attack, says: "Back in hospital I was found to be suffering from shell shock. Also my heart was pushed out of place. I was sore all over, and several ribs were pulled around so that it was like a knife-thrust at every breath. My nerves were shattered. I jumped a foot at the slightest noise. I asked the M. O. [doctor] if I would get Blighty [be sent home], and he said he didn't think so, not directly. I told him if this jamming wasn't going to get me Blighty, I wanted to go back to duty and get a real one. He laughed and tagged me for a beach resort on the northern coast of France. . . . I think that glorious week at the beach made the hardships of the front almost worth while." At the end of the week Corporal Holmes was sent back to his battalion to get "a real one."



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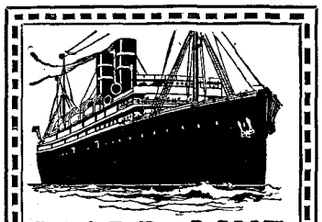
Tours and Travel



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Saving the Money That Slipped Through Their Fingers

How an Investment of $2.00 Grew to $7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

By Arthur H. Patterson

MR. AND Mrs. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over $400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which appraised at $3,500 and is clear and e. They have savings-bank accounts $1,800 and $1,700 invested in 7% eferred securities. And every dollar of is money has been saved from salary uring the past seven years, an average $1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or ther let Mr. B. tell it as he related it me. If you are facing the crisis in your airs which the B.'s faced in those early ys of married life, it may help you to eet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the addy of two children. When I was married had exactly $750 on hand in cash, inherited om my father's estate. Up to that time I ever saved a nickel and if this money hadn't me as a windfall, we could not have been arried. I held a good position and was ning $2,000 a year. That was in 1907. the next three years Jane and I just let gs run along, living comfortably on my y. The $750 which I inherited went for iture and home needs and we did manage uy—on the spur of early married ambin, perhaps—$300 more of furniture which paid for out of my salary. But all the t of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusent, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it me and it was always a race between our sh and our bills to see which would be on p at the end of the month. Usually the ash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry e. I ran accounts with tradesmen who new me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just $400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay he emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again o live within my salary and save a few dollars, ut it wasn't any use. We lacked the backone somehow and didn't have the necessary ystem to help us see it through. One day I ame across a remark made by James Hill, he railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"*If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you.*"

I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on $1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50% and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes 17% we chopped to 5% that first year and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1910. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and $653 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of $250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to $2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

****

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is designed to keep track of the income and expenses of the average family in a systematic manner. Each book is made to contain the records of four consecutive years.

No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary to properly keep a Woolson Book. The lifetime experience of an expert accountant is in the book. He devised it for his own household and planned it so his wife could keep it.

Two minutes daily is sufficient to keep it written up to date. At the end of each week and month and year you not only know where every penny went, but you will have an analysis and comparative table of all the various expenditures, showing just what it went for. Every detail of money management is provided for by a simple, easy-system that a 12-year-old child could handle.

This book has proved truly a godsend to thousands because it has taught them a sure way to manage their finances. With it you know every minute just where you are money-wise. It automatically shows every penny of income and outgo; just how much for groceries, dress, rent, medicine, amusement, car-fare, etc.—and all this instantly and plainly. It is not complicated or tiresome. In fact, once you have started keeping a Woolson Book you will find it fascinating as a game and a miser for saving money.

The publishers are desirous, while the interest of the American public is fastened on the problem of high-cost-of-living, to distribute several hundred thousand copies of the new greatly improved edition and are doing it in this way:

Merely write to them and ask that a copy be sent you without cost for a five days' examination. If at the end of the time you decide to keep it, you send $2.00 in payment, or if you wish to return it, you can do so without further obligation. Send no cash. Merely fill in the coupon, supply business reference, mail, and the book will be sent you immediately.

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